SECOND SECTION

| Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section | Section

itiled to fair freatment as he is in no vary to blame, and I would suggest as a support from the men, with the discussion of the support from the men, with the discussion of the support from the men, with the discussion of the support from the men to be found of which the whole council is supported in the support from the suppo

GROSSIA SALVANIA
STORMAN STATEMENT S

ginal occasions, that there was and no reflection on the private life the great majority of the members the old force. Yours truly, H. M. E. EVANS.

### Mar. 1, 1918. CRITICIZES DAVIDSON

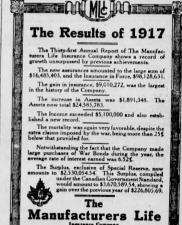
#### Current Comment

and the size of the state of th

#### WHY THE DISTINCTION?

government had not intervened in the mining situation at all, and were un-der no obligation to keep at work. eldes to adopt the same attitude to-wards this mine that he has towards the other mines, then the etrike will very soon beat at end. It is because that there is a strike in the Drum-heller district.





HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA
R. W. McCLUNG



## GENERAL SUPPLIES LIMITED 122 11th Avenue West, Calgary. INTS WANTED FOR ALL UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY

## Plays and Photoplays in Edmonton

WHAT PRESS AGENTS SAY

MAE MARSH

APPEAR AC

Mary Miles Last Half

ANUTHER WAINNERS SUCCESS "OUT THERE," WITH ELSA RYAN COMING TO EMPIRE THEATRE

ng Vibrant Play Has Been Sensation of the American Metropolis
—Stirring Patriotic Appeal and Some Excellent Comedy
Among Features of Offering.



# MAJEST



Alice Brady

'Her Silent Sacrifice "

An Emotional Drama Adapted from "The Red Mouse" by Henry W. J. Dam.

LONESOME LUKE COMEDY

FRIDAY

BABY MARIE OSBORNE In "The Little Patriot"

On Saturday all Members of the Rainbow Club Will Be Admit-ted Free by Showing Their Rainbow Buttons,

CALGARY WAR VETERANS TO PRESENT PLAY

e Volunteer'' Coming to Em pire Theatre For Three Performances

SLASHING OF OIL
PAINTING PROVED
TO BE "REAL" THING



### MARY NORMAN, COMEDIENNE AND GREAT ARTISTE, WILL BE PANTAGES FEATURE ACT

is the Woman Who Brought to Life The Charles Dana Types of Woman — Elizabeth Cutty Returning In Vandeville.

**Pantages Theatre** 

eventy-ninth Program of the

Edmonton Orchestra SUNDAY, MARCH 3RD, At 9 P.M.

Mr. J. J. Walker, Barit

EMPIRE THEATR

## THE VOLUNTEE

FRIDAY NIGHT, MARCH 8 SATURDAY MATINEE, MARCH 9 SATURDAY NIGHT, MARCH 9

SEAT SALE OPENS THESDAY MARCH 5

Watch Press for Further Detail

EMPIRE THEATRE---Mar. 4, 5 & 6 Wedne Matin



This Is NOT a Motion Pictur



### MARY NORMAN

Gangler's Canines | Elizabeth Cutty

JOS. BYRON TOTTEN

MADISON AND WINCHESTER

### **Bellclair Brothers**

Special Matinee for Women Only Damaged Goods Sat. Morning

## Plays and Photoplays in Edmonton

WHAT PRESS AGENTS SAY

"GHOSTS OF YESTERDAY" WITH NORMA TALMADGE AT THE MONARCH NEXT WEEK

wo Big Feature Films and a Sennett Comedy — Charles Ray in Hi

program the first half be "His Hidden Pur-of a series of Mack

Sure! High Heels Cause Corns But Who Cares Now

MUST KNOW CHILD NATURE TO DIRECT "KID" PHOTOPLAYS

ELSIE FERGUSON

'ROSE OF THE WORLD'

4 Days Starting Monday

Adapted from the Play.

WOMEN'

RUPERT

NORMA **TALMADGE** 

'Chosts of Yesterday'

SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION

NEXT FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Ray Another Distinct Triumph MAN

HIRED





Screen Chatter

By the Movie Editor

The styles of 1830 have a promi-nent place in many of the French

Oh! The Charm Of Beauty

et Stuart's Calcium Wafers Restore the Color to Your Cheeks and Remove the Cause of Pimples, Blackheads, Etc.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK FILMS AT MAJESTY

TRAIN WRECK IS FEATURE OF

DEEP HUMANITY
OF SOLDIERS IN
PLAY "OUT THERE"



Mae Marsh

**VETERAN FILM** The Beloved Traitor

Charles Murray Louise Fazenda

Maggie's First False Step

THITPSDAY

MARY MILES MINTER In 'Peggy Leads the Way

MOLLIE KING in 'THE SEVEN PEARLS"

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 12:11

Mdme. Petrova in "The Daughter of Destiny



Free Trial Coupon

G.W.V.A. Orchestr

Today the Sensational

Robt. Warwick & Mollie King

In "ALL MAN"

A Strong Dramatic Story With Numerous Thrills

### Japan's Proposals the Dominating Feature of London Newspapers

#### Every Neuralgic Headache Cured! Use "Nerviline" --- It Won't Fail

RUB ON NERVILINE

#### **Edmonton Spring Livestock Show** April 2-6, 1918

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR ENTRY FOR THE

#### PUREBRED HORSE SALE

### PUREBRED BULL SALE

Entries for the Bull Sale close March 4.

SPRING SHOW PRIZE LIST NOW READY

Entries for all classes of the Show, including Horses, Sheep, Fat Stock, and Calf-Feeding Competition close March 18th.

rite for Sale Catalogue, which will be ready for distri

Edmonton Exhibition Association, Ltd.

## J. R. KNIGHT

## Plebiscite

AT 3 O'CLOCK ON SUNDAY

EMPIRE THEATRE

#### PUBLIC NOTICE

CITY of EDMONTON PLEBISCITE

BLIC NOTICE is heard given that a PLEHBCITE OF T ELECTION WILL Dis. AKINO notice following question, dis.— "Do y.m. support the stand taken by the filty Council with respect to the Fire Fepartment?" YES or NO.

MONDAY the FOURTH DAY of MARCH

#### POLLING SUBDIVISIONS

t, or opposed to, the same ...

t that I will at the Council Chamber in the Civ
the 6th March, 1918, at the hour of 12 oclock n
are the result of the voting.

CHAN, ED. K. COX.
Returning

RE-ORGANIZATION OF MILITARY SERVICE BRANCH OF THE DEPT.

## CANADA NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

FINANCIAL STATE	EMENT.	31st December, 1917.	
ate—Head Office Property 1143-752 at the decided office Property 1143-752 at the other than Head Office Property 1143-752 at the other than Head Office Property Institute and Fixtures, Maps and Plans, less depreciation Reservation and on hand: 155-752 at the other Crown 44,415 at 1144-11 at 1144-	164,906.11 305,292.63 19,053.84 8,758.77 40,899.48	Loss and Investment Department	
	\$2,387,634.14	Reserve for Unearned Premiums\$124,525.92  Net Surplus	
LIABILITIES			
on Reserve for Unearned Premiums npaid (in course of Adjustment) Payable nee Premiums (held as Reserves on Deposit) for Year Ending Sist December, 1917. Literary Promits	16,492.00 9,627.96 56,777.61 105,193.59 75,000.00	AUDITOR'S REPORT.	

\$2.387.684.14

## Delays Are Dangerous



for and language of the formation of the siens of Tractor Length, 142 width, 73 inches; beight, 631 For a smaller General Purpose F Tractor we suggest

### The TRACTO

Read the following specification make up your mind. Then let us by your order.

#### THE TRACTOR



LIVE DISTRICT AGENTS WANTED
WRITE QUICK

Correspondence Solicited; Prices, Terms Literature Mailed Upon Request.

THE EDMONTON TRACTOR &

#### SOLVING STEERING PROBLEM IS BEING MADE EASIER EACH YEAR BY BETTER MECHANISM

"Kicking" by the General Motoring Public Has Contributed Largely to the Efficiency of the Modern Oar—Steering Principles of Most Makes of Oars the Same—Wheels Must be Properly Aligned.

#### A SLUGGISH LIVER CAUSES LOTS OF TROUBLE

one are liable to set Im.
Constigation, aich headache, billous cadache, Jaundice, hearthurr, water rash, catarri of the stomach, etc., all ome from a disordered liver allowed to Milburn's Laza-Liver. Pilis are a pecific for all diseases or disorders riting from a singular disorder riting from a singular disorder riting from a singular disorder riting from a forest program of the program of the

att at a more of the first particular unless product of the form one effecting is sweln, it will be served of the first particular of the first partic

## Don't Neglect

**BEECHAM'S** PILLS

## How to Prevent Motor Accidents

These suggestions, taken from a handbook lessed jointy by a numgained in handling thousands of automobile accelent and damage claims:
Den't drive fast with a tire that is got or nearly were not.

The whole of the control of the c

#### TIRE LIFE CAN BE INCREASED 25 PER CENT.

Attention to Small Details Will Have Big Results, Says Mer-chandising Expert

### HEAVY INCREASE. IN AUTO BUSINESS

England Gets Maxwell Cars For Duty In The War Front, Agent Says

"England has accepted 400 Maxwell cars for war duty in

That the British govern-that the British govern-that the British govern-that the British govern-the Maxwell Motor Sales poration and quite an en-soment of the quality of the duct, and further, that ry car should pass the right duth is a plendid testimonial the uniform standard of its put.

### **CUTICURA HEALS** TERRIBLE ITCHING

On Hands From Salt Rheum At Very Small Cost for Soap and Ointment.

Soap and Uniment.

"I was a great afferer from salt theum on my bands. It came in mail bitters between my thumb and finger and it inched terribly and kept paread and the salt would crack and bleed so that I could not been dry linger. I cand the salt would crack and bleed so that I could not been dry linger. I can be a sold to be

### EXPERT TELLS HOW TO CHECK SQUEAKING OF AUTOMOBILES

od of Locating and Removing Causes is Explained by Head of New York Automobile School.—It is a Symptom of Neglect. and the Car Ories Protest at Every Sway and Turn

## MEAT INJURIOUS

## Is Your Battery Ready For the work it will have to do this Spring?

The Motor Car Supply Co. Ltd.

## Better be on the safe side, bring it in to us for inspection and overhauling. We will put it in good shape to do the work you expect of it.

10623 Jasper Ave. (Corona Hotel Block).

# Facts About Franklin Cars

FRANKLINS will not freeze.
FRANKLIN Direct Air Cooling did away with 177 water-cooling

parts.

FRANKLIN Flexible Construction did away with 171 water-cooling parts.

FRANKLIN Flexible Construction did away with torque rods and gave the FRANKLIN the lightest unsprung weight ever attained.

FRANKLIN owners give the tire-mileage of 215 Franklin Carawell over Ten Thousand Miles to the set of tires.

FRANKLIN owners give the FRANKLIN torque rods and read read read read read to the set of tires.

FRANKLIN Flexible Construction did away with 171 water-cooling to the read read read to the set of the set of tires.

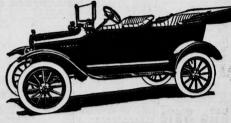
ever conducted.

FRANKLIN Cars today, as for fifteen years, stand as the most practical, efficient and economical fine car in America.

That if All Cars were as efficient as the FRANKLIN, America would save Four Hundred Million Callons of Gasoline and \$192,000,000 worth of tires every year without cutting one mile off the stupendous motor-car mileage of the United States.

Full details on request and demonstrations given by appointment.

### FRANKLIN MOTOR SALES



## A Ford Car Takes the Place of all These Things

WHEN you own a Ford you can do away with many articles that are a source of continuous expense to the man who still drives a horse. For instance, not only your driving-horse and buggy, but the single harness, blankets, whips, currycombs, brunkes, horse-ahoes, pitch-forks, feed-bins, etc.

In their place you have a speedy, dependable, dignified, roomy Ford Car—complete in itself. It is vasily superior to the narrow, cramped buggy that travels so slowly. And when a Ford is standing lidle it does not eat three meals a day, and it requires no "looking

A Ford will save you time, trouble, and money. It is the utility car for the busy farmer and his family.



TOURING. .....

COUPE ..... ONE-TON TRUCK \$750

EDMONTON URBAN DEALERS

THE FREEMAN CO. LTD - - -LINES-BRAKE, LTD

- 10710 99th Street DELOW MASONIC HALL Street

## AUCTIONS

**Auction Sale** At Sales Rooms, Cor. Jasper and

### Saturday Mar. 2nd

The Following Will Be Disposed to the Highest Bidder Without

### **GREENFIELD'S** GREENFIELD'S Exchange, Ltd. Some of Jager and Proser Avgues Articles,

Corner of Jasper and Fraser Avenues. Phone 2442 — Phone 2442. **Auction Sale** 

Wednesday Mar. 6 At the North 1, 18-31-24-4, 114 miles of OTOSKOWAN SCHOOLs can't of CHARLES will dispose of his entire stock of carbon 1, 19-24,

range equipment of Farm Machin fagons, etc.

FARM FOR RENT
The above farm of 214 acres,
cres cultivated, will be rented
ghest bidder at commencement

TERMS—Stock cash: implement rent, half cash. Approved join note, 8%, Dec. 1st, 1918; \$25

J. S. McWITHEY **Public Sale** 

## Registered Hereford Cattle and Other Stock

The Property Of ARMAND VERVYNCK

MONDAY, MARCH 4TH,

mile east of the Cardiff Collies line, on the old Dumas Farm N.W. 4-section, 24-55-25 W. 4. I will sell the following des-cribed high class offer-

t bred. GRADE COWS-7 Dairy Cows in if; 3 2-year-old Heifers in calf; 2 ing 2-year-old Steers; 1 rising 2-

C. H. WEBBER,

ENT POISONED CANDY NIPEG, March 1.—Jessie

SPECIAL EVENING Auction Sale

REED & ROBINSON'S

SATURDAY, MARCH 2ND

Nice Assorted House of Furniture

NOTICE

## Auction Sale

MONDAY, MARCH 4TH. On 106A Avenue,

REED & ROBINSON,

Important Clearance

### Auction Sale

To Be Conducted By REED & ROBINSON,

SATURDAY, MARCH 2ND

No. 11012 95th Street,

COMPRISING VETY good RUBBER-TIRE WIRE WHEEL BUGGY with HARNESS, good set of single DRIV ING HARNESS, HOT WATER FUR-NACE, lot of window

REED & ROBINSON,

HUGE CORN PURCHASE

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

### Taken as an Indication That the Situation Has **Become Worse in Russia**

tish and French Ministers, and the American Consul Have Left Petrograd — Nothing But Most Meagre News From Capital in Last 24 Hours—Germans Con-tinuing Their Advance.

London, March 1—The British and French embassies have left Petrograd, according to a telegram from the Russian Official News Agency in Petrograd, and which bears so date.

Agency in Petrograd, and which bears in the left Petrograd, where he remained after the embassy departure, according to information reaching the American legation here. The consulate has been taken over by the Norwegian consul.

This bare report appears to indicate that the situation in Petrograd has taken an unexpected turn for the worse in view of the fact that the latest previous messages from the Russian capital said that the American consul would remain there after the departure of the American legation here, and with the state departure.

News agencies, the press and diplomats here are without any but the most meagre dispatches from Petrograd in the last 24 hours.

he capital is being continued and other valuables continue and other valuables continue by the adds.

adds. adds.

#### Schemes for the Relief of the Labor Situation on Alberta Farms Discussed by Members

n. Duncan Marshall Does Not Think There Will be Much Difficulty in Getting Help From States For Harvest— 5,000 Men N-eded This Spring—Proposals For Getting Help From Cities and Labor Organizations.

FEEL FINE! TAKE
"CASCARETS" FOR
LIVER, BOWELS

1 10 cents! Don't stay bil ious, sick, headachy, constipated

Can't harm you! Best cathartic for men, women and children

#### Income Tax

contained on application to
CECIL E. RACE, Secretary,
Edmonton South, Alia
Thome 6494 for Fire Extinguishers, work in some other part of the co

### To Be Strong, Healthy and **Well-Looking:** One's Food Must Assimilate Properly

can, located at Ann Arbor.

After graduation he began the practice of medicine in Ann Arbor, Mich., and, at the time represented in the illustration, his reputation as a physician of exceptional skill had greed far beyond the confines of his State, and people came to him for treatment from many miles around.

As he was accustomed to travel across western Ontario to his native city of Buffalo he frequently stopped for special consultation, and in this way made many friends in Canada.

The character and personality of Dr. Chase was such that to



AMERICAN CABINET DISCUSSES JAPAN'S SIBERIA PROPOSALS



Went to Dr. Chase in 1867

Note that the portrait a signature of A. W. Cha M.D., the famous Rece Book author, are on evelow of his medicines.

Whooping Cough

"Comp" Classeriin the cough, for children are often pen neuly injured by the swful straining the cough. You should never neg teamont mistake the symptoms: perstracted coughing, worse night; peculiar whoop; labored expectoration of mucus; persent sufficional nater coughing.

### Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

is a positive remedy for this disease—repeat the dose freque for if given freely it liquifies the tough mucus, makes it es expectorate and counteracts any tendency toward pneum. There is no danger whatever from Whooping Cough Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given."

yours for thatth - gramy Chamber

### It Is All In The Spir

Keep your back in line and your whole body will be righgood back means a good chest, abdomen and limbs. For sake of your health you should have your spinal costraight. The Chiropractor will help you.

GET RIGHT AND STAY RIGHT

#### Chiropractic Is Common Sense

All we ask of you is to think, act and investigate this method before you draw your conclusions. Ask us for literature on the subject and be sure that the selence CHIROPRACHO! is here to stay, to afford relief to these who have been given up after trying other methods and to trach the world that Nature is supreme in the healing art as in everything else. Act today and you will have no regrets tomorrow.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS Consultation and Spinal Analysis Free

JOHN F. HARRIS, D.C., Ph.C.

**PHONE 5324** 

\$1,117.00

### In the City Churches

#### Anglican

ible ciase—

ist Church — 118th street and I avenue. Services begin with ing prayer and holy community to the community of th

and church—2nd street and venue. Marning prayer-most venue and the prayer-most venue and the prayer-most venue and the prayer-most lengths. Rev. T. Thomson for a box 1 for 1.20. The prayer was the prayer with the prayer was the pra

in Sevening actions, "Sevening the Control of the Western Proposed Control of the Western Prop



FREE SAMPLE COUPON
PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY,
Marshall, Mich.
Rindly send me a Pres sample
of Pyramid Pile Treatment, in
Jain wrapper.

Pro-Cathedral—1947 (See Age." of the Way. Age." of the Way. Age. "Age." of the Way. "Age.

#### Presbyterian

In will preach morning and every.

Paul's church-eith street and s

SPECIALIST SAID HE MUST OPERATE

he Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES" In And Is Now In Perfect Heal



## In Our City Churches

MAPLE LEAF CUUB
On the state of the Maple Leaf
Club met ag the Y.M.C.A. They first
had gymnasium and then had a swim.
Had gymnasium and then had a swim.
Had gymnasium and then had a swim.
Had the had had the swim had gymnasium and the swim
different camping rounds. The both sharp, and the swim had good the circus committees.

Will be:

Rewards, addregating \$1,117.00, offered by "Canada Weekly Can you translate this scrap of paper? SAGE SENT BY GERMAN SPY?

naKgiilltaecndhd, fetrhooedmraLsy.

Noted Criminologists Suggest Solutions for this Difficult Problem Can you unravel it?
Selecting a capital letter as a starting point and counting every second or thrid letter until all the letters are used up would surely produce some result.—Inspector Scott.

FIRST REWARD \$500.00 Ninety-Nine Other Cash Prizes See Big Illustrated List of Rewards—Sent Free

The first removed will be amuscled to the commission of the commis

ARPESTS FOLLOW

KITCHENER'S DEATH (Continued from Page 1, Col. 7.) and among the papers seised was a torn folded and worn "scrap of paper." Inspector Donlan for the first time in his many years of service bowed his head in deteat. He was completely baffied an ideat. He was completely baffied and the hidden message of the uncanny jumble of letters remained a profound

Dept. 101 VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & CO., LIMITED, 35 Lombard Street, Toronto

#### FRATERNAL

## What Union Labor Thinks of Strike Weapon in War-Time

Two weeks ago striking carpenters in Eastern shipyards were recalled to their tasks only by a direct message from the White House, in which President Wilson concluded his remarks by asking them, "will you cooperate or will you obstruct,"

For the benefit of our readers who may have been led to wonder whether labor really intends to cooperate or obstruct, we have asked the editors of many journals representing organized labor whether in their opinion disaffected labor in war industries should accept Government arbitration instead of striking.

The replies are published in this week's issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST—March 2d. While the minority which speaks for socialists and "working class" radicals insists that labor, in the words of the Wheeling Majority, "should never in war or peace give up its right to strike," other labor editors reflect a different opinion. For instance, the Labor World (Duluth) says that "No American workingmen who have any regard for their country and the great principles of human liberty and democracy which are at stake in this war, will do one set that will delay for a single moment the building of a ship or the production of an article needed to feed, dotte, or equip our boys in France or in training at home."

Get THE LITERARY DIGEST this week if you would obtain a clear insight into the attitude of American toward the war. Other articles of great interest in this number are:

#### The Need for a Bolo Pasha Verdict in This Country

Editorial Opinion on the Marked Difference in the Treatment of Spies and Traitors in the United States and the Same Types of Individual in Europe.

Bone-Dry Canada Saving One Million Tons of Shipp Profit and Loss of the Heatless Mondays
Is Alsace-Lorraine German?
Rubber Sub-attraction

is Aisace-Lorraine cerman?
Rubber Substitutes
How a Stage Deluge is Operated
Parcel Post 4,000 Miles by Truck
Food Values
(Propared by U.S. Food Administration)
German Eyes on Art in Russia
The Bolsheviki Antagonizing Religion

Many Striking Illustrations

Russia at Germany's Mercy What Germany Has and Has Not Learned in This War Artificial Anthracite

Saving Soil by Dynamite

Ine Patriotic Garden
The Secret of German Dyes
Moral Training in the American Army
(Prepared by U.S. Bureau of Education)
Our "Corner in the Foreign Field"
Refitting the Y.M.C.A. to War

uding Humorous Cartoons

#### To Prevent Your Missing "The Digest" Each Week

There is such an immense national demand for THE LITERARY DIGEST each week that news-dealers sell out their supplies within a few hours af-ter THE DIGEST is placed on sale.

So that purchasers may be sure of getting their gazine weekly, we would suggest that when they this week's DIGEST they instruct their news-

dealers to reserve a copy of next week's issue for them, when they buy their DIGESTS next week order copies for the following week, and so on. In number of copies to order in advance and our pat-rons will not be forced to go without TIE DIGEST because of all copies being sold out when they reach the news-stand.

March 2nd Number On Sale Today-All News-dealers



# Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Events of the Week BRITISH TROOPS IN ITALY – TO FRONT IN BARGES



British troops going to the battle area in barges on a canal.

—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. E.

Photo from Palestine,—Australian field ambulances.



Fixing scaling ladders preliminary to a raid on western from

—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

A blind lady being rescued from a village which is

Two of our big guns waiting to be moved forward.

-- Photo by Courtesy of C. P. F.



British troops in Italy.—Troops on the march from the station.

—Photo by Couriesy of G. P. B.

British planes about to start off on a pairol.

## Ground Taken From The Germans-A Reserve Line Road



On the Cambrai Front.—Some of the inhabitants being rescued in ambulances.



A Scene on What Was German Ground.—Pack horses, cavalry and motor machine guns in reserve.

THIRD SECTION.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1918

## Successful Alberta Grain Growers Used Good Seed

YORKSHIRE FACTORY LAD ACHIEVES SUCCESS AS GROWER PRIZE-WINNING SEED OATS

ALLIANCE U.F.A.
APPRECIATED BY
LOCAL FARMERS

eased Membership Encored by What Has Been

PRODUCTIVITY OF WETASKIWIN PROVED AT ALBERTA SEED FAIR

BY EXHIBIT OF E. R. RASMUSSON

Pioneer Prize Winner



pective Operators

## STETTLER U.F.A. WILL CARRY ON EFFECTIVE WORK

opt Systematic Campaign For fembership—Getting Quota-tions For Farm Supplies

SELBY U.F.A.
DEBATE POWER
MECHANICAL WON

#### **OKLAHOMA** HOMESTEADER AT BLUESKY

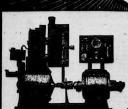
Family Thrives While Helping to Improve Farm—They Like Winter Fine

EXPECT TO SELL 150 HAPPY FARMER TRACTORS IN 1918 Tractor School Conducted at Ed-monton Agency For Pros-

#### WEIGHT OF ALBERTA GRAIN ABOVE STANDARD BUSHEL YIELDS MUCH MONEY ON CROP

THIRD SECTION.





Genco Electrical Engineering Company Limited

water-Ren. built glass cell batteries, exclusive pur built glass cell batteries, exclusive pur ture allowing 2 H.P. to spare while B. are being charged. Good live agent ed in districts where we are not repre ed in districts where we are not repre

## **UNI-ELECTRIC** LIGHTING SYSTEM



McMann & De Wolfe

## PAGE OF INTEREST TO BOYS AND GIRLS

### THE RED CROSS NURSERY

is all sizes of piky awey. You girls you do that would I hant up your over you do that would I hant up you over you do that would I hant up you will have you do the work of the course the last course and the course the last course and the course the last course the course the last course and the course the last course the last course the course the last course and the course the last course the last



#### Letters to Uncle Tom

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Our Puzzle Corner 🐉

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2.4 of Tragrance.
2.5 of fargrance.
3.5 of a with the sund that the s



to group to leave in two weeks. I am lower to group the person of the country of

Duffield, February 20.

Wast Indige.

Deer Uncle Tom.—This is my second latter to your club and I hope to receive a hadge. I saw my school years old now. My birchday was on Pob. 19th. I would like a girl about Excuse me for not writing sconer. I will close. Next time I might be able Excuse me for not writing sconer. I will close. Next time I might be able and the members are well.

BAUBLIENTLEY.

Ferintals Plat.

Uncle Wiggily and the Funny Sled

Copyright, 1918, by the McChire Newspaper Syndicate.

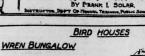


### A MUSICAL GAME

Little Stories For Bedtime



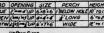
Toys And Useful Articles THRT & BOY CAN MAKE.
BY FRANK I. SOLAR.













THE HERO OF THE GOOSEY



## Special Extra Vote Offer Closes Midnight Monday, Mar. 4th

iss Lena Boyles, Lac la Biche Station, taskivin
Mr. Joe Christian, Russyivin, Alta.
Miss O. Chandler, Vegreville, Alta.
Miss Pearl Cleland, Halcourt
Mrs. Jos. Colongord, St. Albert, Alta.
Miss Clara Combs, Rocky Rajids, Alta.
Mrs. Roy S. Cook, 9840 92nd Ave. Edm

H. Davis, 311 Gibson Block, Edmonton

Mrs. Charlotte Dawe, 10428, 116th St., Edmonton

Mrs. Lillie Dechene, 11115 101st St., Edmonton Mr. Mike Ducholke, Golden Spike, Alta... 66,000 Ptc. Robert Dundas, Edmonton 153,000 Mr. Chas, Dyken, 9554 108th St., Edmonton 24,000

Ave., City
Miss Lenn Farbridge, Czar, Alta.
Mr. Alex. Farquharson, Daysland, Alta.
Mr. S. J. Farrell, Holden, Alta.
Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Sessmith, Alta. G River, Alta. J Miss Olga Jascuchuk, 9717 100th St., Ed-K
Kelly, Stony Plain, Alta
Kitchen, Hardis-try, Alta
Koistinen, Tborbild, Alta
Kristenson, 11246 96th St., Ed-

monton
Mrs. L. E. C. Laughausen, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta
Miss Hazel Lee, Peace River, Alta
Mr. E. Lindemood, Citye, Atta.
Mr. A. H. Liversidge, Wetaskiwin, Alta.

Your Candidate Needs Your Support

Imenton Ada Martin, Sedgewick Alouzo Mercier, 9535 109A Ave., Edmonton
Mr. W. May, 9923 83rd Ave., Edmonton.
Mr. M. J. Mahaffer, Todeld, Alta.
Miss Emma Miller, Bashaw. Alta.
Mrs. E. Moorehouse, 11153 64th Street MacGillivory, 10847 94th St., McCormack, 9157 Jasper Ave., Mrs. D. O'Brien, 9746 111th St., Edmonton Mss Blanche O'Connor, Provost, Alta.... Miss C. Pattulio, Stony Plain, Alta...... Miss Helen Paton, 11622 97th St., Edmon-Mrs. Nap Poirier, St. Albert, Alta...... Mr. Wm. Potters, Edmonton R Ragowsky, 9325 103A Ave., Edin Rac, New Norway, Alta... ward Ray, 9544 103rd Ave., Edmon-

Mrs. B. Reed, C.P.H. Block, Edmonton... Miss Anna Reid, 10958 81st Ave., Edmon-

Mr. J. H. Samoll, Lavoy, Alta Mrs. Frank L. Scarancke, Red Deer, Alta Mr. Herman Schred, Minnehll, Min. Mr. F. Shears, Bruderheim, Alta, Mr. F. Shears, Bruderheim, Alta, Mrs. Florence Smart, 10217-88th Sts., Ed-monton Mr. Norman Steckle, 9334-107th Ave., Ed-Miss Florence monton of the Market Park Norman Steekle, 9334 107th Ave., Edmonton Miss Ruth Stone, Yeoford, Alfa Miss Babe Steele, 9621 110A Ave., Edmon-Miss Babe Ste Mr. Frank Thompson, Mannville, Alta. Mrs. A. J. Thorsley, Tolicid, Alta. Mr. J. Thomas, Salvador, Alta. Mr. L. G. Toupin, 9535 109th Ave., Ed-monton Mr. Clarence Tymich, Viking, Alta. is Grency Walker, 2639 107th Ave., Ednonton

s. v. secline, Tomahavsk, Alfa
Joe Walker, 11922 98th St., Edmonton,
John Walmark, Kelliher, Sask
Lijie Warming, Consolt St.,
S. Mildred Washburn, 10540 125th St., Edmonton Mrs. Julia P. Weish, Kingman, Alta..... Mr. Lloyd Werner, 11023 05th St., Edmon-Mr. Lloyd Werner, 11023 034h S., Edmon-ton Mrs. W. J. Wilson, R.H. No. 2; Wetaskiwin, Alia Mr. Chas. Wentworth, etc Car Barns Mr. Chas. Wonnacott, Lucerne, B.C. Mr. Harold Wilcox, Cameose, Alia. Mr. Harold Wilcox, Cameose, Alia. Edmontor Noodhouse, 17319 107th Avc., Edmontor Noodhouse, 17319 107th Avc.,

Edmonton
Mr. Robi, Wright, Mikes Cigar Store, Edmonton Mr. Thos. Young, 6401 118th Ave., Edmonton Mrs. Wm. Young, Helminek Block, Edmonton

Have you given your Favorite Candidate Your Subscription to The Bulletin yet?

# 50,000 Extra Votes

It may be the very one he or she needs to win one of the Automobiles.

HOW TO SECURE

#### 50,000 Extra Votes

sylva voices

50,000 extra voices will be
given for each and every \$15
worth of new subscriptions to
The Bulletin turned in by the
Bulletin turned in by the
March 4. These extra voices
will be given in addition to the
regular schedule in force. It
is not necessary to bring or
send in the entire \$15 worth of
send in the entire \$15 worth of
send in the entire \$15 worth or
send in the the will then issue
you your EXTRA. 5,0000 vote
ballot. Therex me inter to the
that any candidate may secure
—one will be given for \$15
worth of new subscriptions,
two for \$30, etc.



McLaughlin E-45-6-Cylinder "Special-Special".—Now on exhibition at the McLaughlin Show Rooms, 104th Street, Edmonton. This coulty louring car will be given to the candidate securing the greatest number of votes irrespective of districts. The winner of this grand row will be given \$300 in cash to be donated to some patriotic organization in his or her district.

HOW TO SECURE

#### 25,000 Extra Votes

25,000 extra votes will be given for each and every \$15 worth of back subscriptions and renewals to The Bulletin turned in by the candidates up to midnight, March 4. These extra votes will be given in addition to the regular schedule in force. Bring or send in your collections as you secure them, and as soon as you have turned in \$15 we will then issue you your EXTRA 25,000 vote ballots. There is no limit to the number of EXTRA vote ballots that any candidate may secure—one will be given for \$15 worth of old subscriptions, two for \$30, etc.

## 28 COSTLY PRIZES

Second Grand Prize \$1215 Model 90 Overland Touring Car



hibition at E. C. May & Co., Jasper Ave., Edmonto

**Nomination Blank** 

GOOD FOR 5,000 VOTES. NOMINATE

YOURSELF OR A FRIEND

Gentlemen,—I hereby nominate as a candidate in your omobile Prize Contest: Address .....

Nominated by .....

NOTE—Only one nomination blank will be accepted for my one candidate.

PRIZE CONTEST DEPARTMENT OF THE EDMONTON BULLETIN, 9975 Jasper Avenue.

#### 6 WHITE ROTARY SEWING MACHINES Costing \$462 Now on exhibition at the White Sewing Machine. Co., Williamson Block, Jasper East.

### One of the Bedroom Sets Costing \$135



#### THIRD GRAND PRIZE



\$1200 McLaughlin 5 Passenger Touring Car

This car is now on exhibition at the McLaughlin Show ms, 104th Street, Edmonton.

CUT OUT HEATLY

The Bulletin's Big Automobile Prize Contest

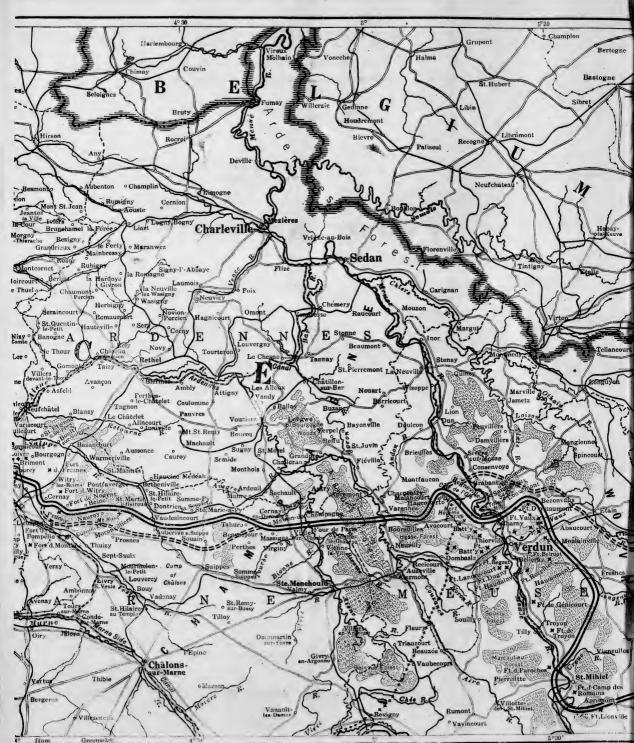
### Good for 100 Votes

ADDRESS .....

This Coupon, when neatly cut out and brought or ailed to the Contest Department of The Bulletin, will ount for the person whose name is written thereon.

# The Edmonton Bulletin Map SECTION THREE. Of the Battle Front in France

The Bulletin presents to its readers today, the third section of a remarkably accurate map of the Battle Front in France. The last section will appear in next Saturday's issues of The Bulletin. The plete map should be in every home, for it gives an accurate representation of the western front. The map when complete will cover the entire battle line i rom the North Sea to the Swiss border. Every will need a map to follow the movements of the allied forces. Money cannot buy one better than that given FREE to readers of The Bulletin.



### Live Stock Notes

Cattle for Onion Lake.
Bulletin News Service.
Mr. Price, of Blackfoot, sold his
cattle at a very good figure to Mr.
Fitzgerald, of Onion Lake.

S370 Team of Oxen.
Bulletin News Service.
Mr. Laycock, of illnekfoot, hus sold his team of oxen for \$370. They weighed 4700 lbs. He will now use

#### Appendicitis Operations Not Always Necessary

WHITE STAR DOMINION

AMERICAN LINE WHITE STAR LINE

pulre for ballings, Rates, etc., at any liway or S.S. Agent, or Company's fice, 333 Main bt., Winnipeg.

ANCHOR-DONALDSON LINE

CANADA To GLASGOW

#### CUNARD LINE

itegular Passenger Service betwee For full information apply, CUNARD LINE Agents, or Company's Office, 210 Main Street, Winnipeg.

#### Farming **Activities**

CANADIAN COUNCIL AGRICULTURE WILL MEET IN REGINA

on is Called for March 11 and 12-Big Farm Gathering

(ADVERTISEMENT)

## AGITATORS' FALSE STATEMENT

It is NOT a Fight Against Trade Unionism. The agitators say it is and it is absolutely false.

It is true that promotion for service is a sound principle

It is equally true and after all far MORE important that promotion should be based on efficiency and merit.

The City Administration favors promotion from the ranks. Their actions prove it.

## LOOK AT THE FACTS

When Supt. Parsons left the Power House, Chief Electrician Cope took charge

When Secretary-Treasurer Crosskill resigned, Chas. Ed. K. Cox was brought over from the old City of Strathcona and made City Clerk; Frank Barnhouse, who was cashier, became City Treasurer.

When City Comptroller A. N. Mouat left Edmonton his assistant, David Mitchell, was appointed in his

When Supt. Caldwell left the Telephone Dept, the superintendent of construction, J. E. Lowry, became chief of the department.

When a vacancy occurred in the Street Railway Dept. J. H. Moir, who was traffic manager, was made

When A. W. Ormsby first commenced his service with the city he started at the bottom of the ladder; e is superintendent of the Electric Light and Power Department.

When A. J. Latornel left the engineer's department to serve his country overseas, his assistant, A. W. Haddow, was appointed City Engineer.

J. W. Turner, who was superintendent of the Waterworks Dept. in Strathcona, was brought over to the north side and placed in charge of the entire Water-works system.

When City Assessor McMillan left the city's service, Thos. Walker replaced him.

And in the Fire Department, Ex-Chief Lauder and Ex-Chief Henderson first started as firemen, and they both rose to be in command of the fire brigade.

The City Administration has been consistent. This Policy will Always be maintained.

The two senior members of the fire department would not accept the post of chief. One is on sick leave, while the other would not take the job.

The City Commissioners, Seven Aldermen by common action, the retiring mayor by definite statement after three years' service, the retiring chief by implication, all decided that there was no man immediately fit for the position.

## **COUNCIL Then APPOINTED An EFFICIENT Man**

Will the public consider this "due consideration."

Or will the public permit the firemen to strike and claim they---and they only---know the man who is fit, and threaten a tie up of all business in the city

You Decide on Monday---Vote "YES"

CITIZENS' PLEBISCITE COMMITTEE.

## You Can Easily Supply Your Wants Through Little Bulletin Ads

Day 'Phone - 9324 After 5:30 p.m. - 9327 Ail telephone instructions regarding ad-rectising are at sender's risk. Such in-struction should always be confirmed in writing.

RATES FOR CLASSIFIED OR WANT ADVENTIBEMENTS.

Altastions Vaccus, Structions Wanted, To cart. Articles for Saic, Loat or Found, unituas Card, etc., ic per word per larition; de per word per week, etc., ic per word per mort per mort. No autrent taken ord per mort. No autrent insertion; 30 mis two insertions; 40 cents three insertions. 90: 90 cents and per laritiment insertions. pecial contract rates for standing cards.

i information of which will be given the Office.

your convenience, arrangements have made with the following merchants copt classified advertisements for the onton juliary.

Dimonton Bulletin:

Alberta Avenue.

D. St. John, 9610 118th arenue.

Alberta Pharmacy, 95th and 118th avenue. 

II. D. Lynch Ureer, 1916 the 1 South Side Office in office of the Hosen.

Racey Co., 1611 Whyte areaus. Phone
11182-37p

11182-37p

Notice To Our Advertisers

FURNITURE, CARPETS, Phonographs, Pianos. Phonographs, Pianos, Sewing Machines, and Stove Ranges. Sold on easy terms. Box 1, The Bulletin. C-31-x

ARRY IF LONELA; FOR RESULTS.

SERVE YOUR OWN INTERESTS AND ours by mentioning The Bulletin when replying to these advertisements.

Or YOU KNOW THAT WE CAN MAKE like new broken store castings or broken machinery by Auto-Geneous Weslings Presto-Life recharging plant in connec-tion. Barling Auto Light Co., 1886. Jan-per savance. Phone 6000. D4-1 AMERICAN STAMPS FOR SALE, APPLY

Operations Unnecessary

#### Help Wanted-Male

Situations Wanted-Male

Situations Wanted-Female

#### Agents Wanted

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG

- So I gnuck up behind the blank blankety blank pirate the blank blankety blank pirate the blank blank cut throat was watchin me and grabbin his blank blank sword out of his blank blank scabbard I slashed the blank blan coubbard I disshed the Diank Diank Diank of the Diankety Diank till the deck was slipery with his blank blank blood. "There, with his blank blank blank blank to the till the blank blank blank blank you, blank you, blank you," Them was the happy days

WO USED PIANUS AND ONE PLAXER
plane like new; four used organs like
new; form the plane like
new; form Electric motors for talking
newholes; can be used on any macane.
1001s 101st street, Jenes & Cross, oppoalte McDougail church.

Hand Store, First Street:

Hand Store, First Str

#### Wanted Miscellaneous

CAMPBELL'S FURNITURE EXCHANGE Howard stenue, just of Jasper arenue, besters in high-grade second-hand goods. Fine high-grade second-hand goods. Furniture? WANTED—TEACHER FOR HILLS S.D.
No. 3734. Indies to commence immediately. Apply, stating salary, to Robert
Gowen, Morth Lomento, 1011-541.

Housekeeping Rooms

EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE ROOM, WELL beated; has bash with bot and cold running water; fireplace. Suitable for 2 gentlemen. Freakfast and evening most. Single room also, 19539-107th Street, south of Jusper.

Furnished Cottage to Rent

Unfurnished Houses to Rent OME DESIRABLE HOUSES TO LET. Apply T. N. Bowden, McDougall Court Phone 1512.

FOR RENT- GOOD MODERN in Muttart Block. Phone 4957.

1,4000) BUYS WELL BUILT, FULL modern bungalow on \$5.A Street. Fu lot. Good terms. A real enap. Web Bros. 613-14, McLeod Bidg. Phone \$2.

WANTED TO BUY 5-ROOMED COTTAGE To be moved. Adam Baron, 12036 918

For Sale or Exchange

Farms for Sale

Mannville; 110 acres broken, Terms ar-ranged. Edmonton Locators. E-13-x

Farms Wanted

Horses and Cattle Wanted

ARMERS AND RANCHERS-TAKE FOR SALE-TAMARAC FENCE P untire: I have a buyer for 60 head of Dry cordwood. A. Smith 1078 miled horses, and 60 head of mixed cat-miled horses, and 60 head of mixed cat-

#### BUSINESS CARDS

Barristers

MUSTARD & DAY, BARRISTERS, SOLI-citors, etc. buite 606, McLeod building. RUTHERFORD, JAMIESON, GRANT & Steer. 202-4 McLeod building. Phone B-12-x

OGSWELL & WELLS, BARRISTERS, solicitors, notaries. Suite 206, C.P.R. Bldg. Phone 5053. Money to loan. C.b.x HECTOR COWAN, BARRISTER, SOLICI-tor and notary public. Office, room 510 McLeod building. Phone5735. C-1-g or, notary public, 110 Brown building. t. V. BELLAMY, BARRISTER, SOLICI-tor, etc., 714 McLeod Bldg. Phone 5345.

TOCKS AND BONDS — MONEY TO loan on improved city property and farm Isada. Insurance in all forms. Reats. Farm listings wanted. E. C. Par-dee, 506 Agency building.

INVERTIGATE CHIROPRACTIC—IF YOU have an acute or chronic disease and failed to get results through other metades, and John F. Harrits, D.C.-ptc. Censultation free, Ledy in attendance buite 323 Tegier block, Edmonton, Atta-Telephone 3256.

Chimney Sweeps

Carpet Cleaning

Chartered Accountants

BALDWIN, DOW & BOWMAN, H. W. Baldwin, William Dow C.A. E. Bowman, C.A. Chartered Accountants, Auditora Chartered Accountants, Auditora Phone 187. Jackson Ella, Japper

chartered accountants, auditors, 510-11 Agency building, Edmont C. L. BICHARDSON, resident par

Auctioneera

ANDREW H. ALLAN, 30 GARIEPY BLK. Auditor, Receiver, Liquidator. Ph. 82467

Architecta

W. MOREHOUSE, A.A.A., ARCHI-tect. 304 Williamson building, Edmon-ton, Alta. Phone 5056.

Cleaning and Dyeing CENTRAL DYE WORKS - CLEAN dyeing and repairing done, 10246 mayo avenue. Phone 5169 and our

Cleaning and Pressing

5050 DOMESTIC WOOD AND COMPANY. All kinds woo

PHONE \$1985, MacGREGORS, 127; Agents for Black Diamond coal. G prices on firewood.

Dancing School

LDS., dentist. Suite 3, Alberta block, 636 First. Phone 2945.

RACTICAL FURFIERS (A. H. KRANT Prop.) 10028 102nd avenue, corner flow ard. Phone 5147. ALTER & CO.-UPHOLSTERING, Client making, furniture packing, Ches fields and easy chairs made. See our of tapestries. Phone 4684, 10753 Jan

House Woving

#### **Business Cards Continued**

CITY AUCTION ROOMS-

2448.

CASH PAID FOR YOUR discarded Clothing Men's Suits specially desired. Shaw & Co., Phr ne 6685.

SERVE YOUR OWN INTERESTS AND Rubber Stamps

Surveyore

TH & JOHNSTON, SURVEYORS AND gineers. Office, 10034 105th etreet. Res

Scalp Specialist

O EXCUSE FOR BALDNESS. PHONE

RVE YOUR OWN INTERESTS AND ours by mentioning The Bulletin when replying to these advertisements.

Sheet Metal Works

FILME SHEET METAL WORKS. NEW furnaces and repairing. 9859 108rd ave-

Tannery

ROGRESSIVE TANNERY, 10271 QUEENS arenue. For garments manufactured tan hides for rebes, leather; buy hides phone 5715.

Turkish Baths

ELECTRIC BATH AND UP TO DATE massage Open all night for a rea massage. Edmenton Turkies bath of an block corner Jasper and 68th street

Typewriter Repairing

REPAIRS ALL MAKES. TYPEWRITER Supplies. Rebuilt typewriters for asle or rent. Hope & Johnson, 10120 102nd

Transfer and Storage

IQ FOUR TRANSFER AND STORAGE Day and night. Phone 1414. 10002 Jan

Undertaking

WAINWRIGHT & JACKSON.

Fusersi Directors and Embiamers.

ambinance calls promptly attended to day
or tight. First-class fivery and cabe
lay phone 2028. Night phone 2028 2018.

Veterinarians

DRR. CAIRNS & McCORD, VETERINA-riana. Office and infirmary, 315 Queen's avenue. Phone 2011, 2006, 1276. All calls promptly attended.

DR. C. A. GOUIN, Veterinary Surgeon. and gold medal from Iraduate and gold medan Iram Veterinary College, Specialtice: Swam fever and surgery, Office, France avenu Midway Borse Exchange, Phone 101 Realdance Westminater apartments, 518

TENDERS FOR BREAKING

TENDERS FOR SCHOOL

SEALED TENDERS will be received by be Architect for the Erection of a Two-oom, Brick Venered School at Namao

toom, Brick Venered School Alia.

Alia.

Films and Specifications can be secured.

Films and Specifications can be secured.

Films and Specification and the security of the security se

A. R. WEEKS, Sec. Treas, S.D. No. 24, Nameo, Alte

deMANUS BROS., 546 2nd ST., FIRE En-ployers' Liability, Automobile, Personal Accident and Health Insurance. Money IRE, HEALTH, AUTO LIABILITY. Muir & Martin, 710 Tegler block. Phone

Iron Works

DMONTON IRON, PENCE AND WIRE Works, Specialities builders from work fire cappe, and the second of the cappe, and the cappe, wire ecreman window guards, clevaries enclosures. Ph. 6550, 10951 9618 Street. Frompt attent to mail orders. REW MACHINERY CO., 10324 108th street, General machine work, black-

Junk Dealers

THE EDMONTON JUNK 'O.

AYB THE HIGHEST PRIC'S FOR
scrap iron, lead, copper, brass, bettles,
rubber and rags; also second-land furniture. 8016 102nd arenue, corner Syndicate
and Jasper. Phone 6488.

E-18-18

Masquerade Costames ARQUERADE AND CARNIVAL COS tumes for rent. Wigs, make-up, etc Special attention te out-of-tewn custem ers. Send for list. Shaw & Co., 1928 57th street. Phone 6535. S.7-1.

Machinery ICHOLS BROS, MACHINISTS, BRASS and iron foundry, General spairs a speciality manufacturers of sawmills, belief fittings kept in stock, flaws hammered and gummed. Phen 2312, 103 Syndicate servans. N-3-2

Marriage Licenses

JACKSON BROB., ISSUERS OF MAR. Flage licenses. Leading jewsiers. 1963 Jasper avenue, Edmonton. Phone 1147 J.3-2. HIT HEUS., ISSUERS OF MARRIAGE

Multigraphing and Novelties FULTIGRAPHING — QUALITY WORK, prompt service. "Buil Frog" carbon papers and ribbon, calendars, wooks, meial, cloth and paper noveities, celluiside buttons. Advertising Noveity Co., Tegder bleck. Phone 6506.

Neuropathy-Chiropractic H. KELLEY, N.D., D.C.—St. CLARA. A. Kelley, N.D., D.C. Neuropathy Chire-practic. 10039 107th atreet. Phone 2005.

Nursing Home

MRS. A. M. BLISS, MATERNITY HOME Good nursing, pleasant rooms, rates reasonable, best of medical references. 10070 122md Street. Phone 82564. B-32-2

Osteopathic Physicians DR. R. C. GHOSTLEY, REGISTERE physician. Osteopathy, diet and electro therapy. Phone 6541. 117 McLeod blee

DR. W. H. ALBRIGHT, OSTEOPATH and dietician. Suite 2-8-9 Jasper block. 417 Jasper W. Phone 4542

**Optometrists** 

ILINE, IRVING, D.O. — CONSULTING optician. "For better vision." With H. H. Kline & Sons, Ltd., Jewelers and dis-mond merchants, Jasper and 98th Street RADOWS, MRS.—OPTOMETRIST, 10223 VEBB, E. L.—OPTOMETRIST, OFFIC 10064 Jasper E., three doors west of Me chants' bank, Phone 5859. W-16

Optical Specialist

WILLIS, H. G., OPTOMETRIST. 101 PCB. vis block, 1st street and Jaspet. Hours 9 to 6. Saturday 9 to 9. Eyes tested as frames fited. Phone 6433.

Plants and Flowers

BEAUTIFUL PLANTS AND HOME grown cut flowers. Wedding bouquet and floral decorations. Walter Ramsen torist. Edmonton. Phone 84444 ERVE YOUR OWN INTERESTS AND

Patents ETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., THE OLI established firm. Patents everywher Head office, Koyai Bank bleg. Toronto Ottows office, 5 kigin street. Office throughout Canada. Bookist free. F-3-

Private Hospital

SOUTH HALL HOSPITAL, 9719 1070 atreet, en low level car line, near Par hament buildings. Phone 4008. Mc.5-

diseases of women. Office, sails 10, Credit Foncier. Passes. Office, 1911; residence.

Mortgage Sale of Farm Property

Moved to Queen and Kice; if the last of all the original or selling. Phone 24710.

LURIE'S FURNITURE EX-change pays highest prices for secondhand merchan-dise. See us first. Phone

vendor. Dated at the City of Edmonton, to the Province of Alberta, this Sirt day of TUART, Address. Approved: W. J. DAWSON, Registrar. IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

**Notice to Creditors** and Claimants

NINCE OF ALBERTA DICEASE.

NOTICE IS REPORT OFFER OF PYRONG PROVIDED THE PROPERTY OF PARTS OF THE PARTS OF TH

**Notice to Creditors** 

Name beer brought to its hasetime of Effencies, this little of a
party ALD 1918. Non A COMPANY.

Alberta: Edmonton Judicial
District

Alberta: Edmonton Judicial
District

NonDistrict

Table 1918. NonTransport

Table 1918

Notice to Creditors and Claimants

page Dunjon, See 115, Rémonten, Preson d'Alberta, Secutivo of the Estate of of Berein weeks from the date of the present weeks from the date of the publication of this needer, a fail state-off their claim, werefiled by Bestudoy Tungo and the see that the seed of the see

M. E. WILLIAMSON,
Discourse, Alta,
21st February, 1918.

Tenders for School House REALED TENDERS will be received by the Beard of Trustees of School District to the Committee of School District to the Committee of the terretard of the School District the Execution of a Frame School Building. Tigas and Specifications may be obtain-post or \$5.00, which will be returned on excepts of a bear-filed tender with plans receipts of a bear-filed tender with plans

receipt of a bona-fide lender with plan and specifications. Plans may also be seen at the Department of Education, Edmonton. T. B. EMBREE, secretary, Castor, Alta, Feb. 11th, 1916.

**Grain and Stock News** 

GRAIN PRICE FLUCTUATIONS

O L'mo REALER TENDERS.

REALER TENDERS WILL BE RECEIVED TO BUYERS IN CONTROL OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P

THE MARKET

NNIPES CARE

HOGS AT 19c

on, within tuney on, his notice.

Dated at Edmonton, Alta.,

March 1, 1918.

ALFRED CLAYTON.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ELECTION OF A MEMBER OF TEE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF CANADA

WILLIAM T. HENRY, of the City

Stagon, paid to me by the Honorable
Frank Oliver.

18 WITNESS WHEREOF. I have been
in the Province of British Columbia, this
16th day of Pebruary, A.D. 1915.

W. T. HENRY,
Agent for Honorable Frank Oliver.

TENDERS

The latter is a well find a with first or an experiment from the which would easily be propored. Friesday to be for buildings only, believe or make any other will not necessarily be accupied.

CALGARY, Mar I — No. 2 C.W. cate said Address.

Address. GEORGE PARBLOW Edmonton Markets

BETWEEN: John B. Feichad, Pinintiff, and Claude H. Morion, Emma Melen Eng-The street of the street of th

together with the notice thereon endorses, by prepaid registered letter, addressed to the Defendant at Edmonton, he good and afficient service of the statement of claim.

CTILICAGO METICAGO COMO CONTROL PROPERTY OF THE CONTRO

ROALD DE ROOT REPAIR DE REALITEST OF THE RESEARCE OF THE REALITEST OF THE RESEARCE OF THE REALITEST OF THE R -March 19th, Morinville Hotel.

W. T. Alexander, Managing Di-rector, Presents Satisfactory Report The thirty-first annual report of The Manufacturers' Life insurance Co, shows a record of greater growth than that of any previous year. The insurances issued and reinstated to the large sum of 1st-1st insurance in the company of the control of the company's history.

in for. \$600,975, was the largest in insurance on the company, bullow; increased by largest in the company halory; increased by largest in the company of th

Now with taining the fact that the critical company was a large purchaser of United coversions to have been as a large purchaser of United coversions to hook the average rate of pairs of the control of the coversions to have been as a large purchaser of the coversions of the covers with ther bonds, call loans, real

FOR CASH DATS

A. Carruthers Co, Ltd Rear 10126 101st St., Edm port, disclosing a large submers.

Tobaccos, General Motora, Beet Sugar, arrangement, Industrial Alcohol and Ittsburg Cosl, embraced the heavier mis-likenous alares, off-set in a manner by inhumous alares, off-set in a manner had considered to 335,000 shares.

Bonde cased again, Liberty Issues dis-laying firmness. Total sales, \$2,075,000.

ONNAUOTT & SPENUE siers in Cattle, Hoge and Steep, Order Buying a Special; Edmonton Stock Yards no 71571 P.O. Box 80

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FARMERS ! We Are Making Bolled On and Oatmeal For the Allies WE NEED YOUR OATS

Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited AMALGAMATED WITH THE BRACKMAN-KER MILLING CO., LTD., STHATHCOMA.

#### A Sale of Seconds in

Boys' and Girls' Cotton Hose, 25c pair

including all sizes. These slockings have double heels and toes, a ong and neat fitting. While they are "seconds" the imperfections imstances can hardly be detected. Sizes 5 to 10. Special, per pair



Boys' Waists and Shirts on Sale--Extra Value 59c

A manufacturer's clearance. The Walsts are the popular McBride's patent buttor side style. Both the Walsts and Shirts have the sport collars that may be elt oned closely at throat or worn open. Good quality cord and percale closes with fancy silk collars and many neat striped patterns. Sizes to fit ears. Every Shirt is guaranteed, and good value at 75c, and many ar h more. Several hundred to be sold Saturday at, each

SATURDAY STORE NEWS

Phone Private Exchange 9311

Most Interesting

Drugs & Stationery

29c

#### The Spirit of Spring Pervades and Animates the Whole Store !

#### MILADY'S APPAREL NEW FOR SPRING!

With the Coming of Spring New Gloves Are Needed.

Perrin's Kid Gloves on Sale

Every Pair Fully Guaranteed and Special Value at \$1.50

All sizes. Black, white, tans, browns, black with white points and white with black points. These Gloves are manufactured in France and have the popular oversewn seams, gusset thumb, and two dome fasteners.

\$1.50

There Are 500 Pairs of These Reliable Gloves to Choose From Saturday

Styles That Have Been Pronounced Au thentic and Values That Are Unequalled

Waterproof Coats!

With the Coming of Spring One's Thoughts Turn to Rain and Means of Protecting Ourselves A New Arrival of 500 Coats

50 of these are of fine quality Rubbergied Paramata Cloth. Snug military collars and cemented seems, making them thoroughly water proof. All sizes for women and misses, these proofs and the sizes for some control of the size of the si

.....\$6.95 Women's Tweed Coats at \$12.50 WOMEN A
lovely quality rubberized tweed, et as a spring coat or raincoat. Itagian s pockets and wide belt; this becoming curable in either fawn or grey.

You Should Make a Point of Seeing the Special

**POPLIN DRESSES** 

The Price is \$6.95

THE NEW SUITS!

Fashion's Most Favored Styles, Selected With Care From the Most Reliable Designers at Home and Abroad.

65 Wool Serge Suits \$28.50

Several good styles, all are tailored beautifully. Several good styles, all are dimored beautomy. The quality of the linings and interlinings is exceptionally good. A favorite with the young women in the department seems to be the Norfolk model. Why not call and \$28.50 see it? All sizes. Price at ...

Women's High Grade Suits, \$32 There is quality in every stitch of these hand-some Suits. The advantage of choosing your new Suit early can not be over-estimated. The present prices are considerably lower than later shipments will be. The assortment at this later supments will be. The assortment at tims price is large, all are smart styles, but we would mention the mannish Suit of navy or black serge; it is beautifully tailored with trimming of self-covered but- \$32.00 tons. Extra value, priced at.



SMOKERS' SPECIAL.

150 of our fine quality 50c
Pipes, small, medium and
sizes in various shapes.

Saturday sale price. 25c

Briar Pipes Halfprice

#### In the WHITEWEAR DEPARTMENT Candy Specials Are

Special Value in New Spring Coracts
These are made of good strong white contil and are well suited to the average figure. They have medium high bust, long skirt and are reinforced across the front to give extra strength. These have five clasps, one hook and four strong hose supporters. . \$1.00

Women's Medium Weight Vests and Drawers
Women's Medium Weight Vests and Drawers
These

Children's Sweater Special | Children's Cambric Drawers

#### Dependable Staples on Sale

\$1.25 White Turkish Towels, Striped Flannelette, Yd. \$1
Pair 79c Only by purchasing months ago can

Fine Pillow Cases, a Pair 75c

are constructed from good ton, and will give excellent a 40, 42 and 44 inches.

White Cotton Voile Yd. 29c
Woren from fine cotton yarns, this voile has a smooth even finish; 40 Prints. Spots, small figures and stripes.

Fruitatives. Special, 3 for ..... Only by purchasing months ago can we offer it at this price today. A broad range of colored stripes on light grounds; 27 inches wide. Bornele Acid. Special, per lb. . . . Castoria. 25c
Per bottle ...... 25c
Minty's Tooth Paste. 25c
Special, each ...... Cotton Crepes; Reg. 35c for 29c Large rolls Tollet good quality. Special, 5 for 25c Square cakes Castile 25c

A Most Fortunate Purchase Enables us to Offer

### Men's Suits Reduced to \$10

Suits that Are Worth \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$22.50 for \$10

#### Special Value in Women's Spring Neckwear Saturday at 50c

This Store Closes Daily, Including Saturday, at 5:30 P.M.



#### Shoes for Misses and Children

High Grade Shoes Especially Low Priced Saturday.. Shoes that Combine Style with Service, Thus Pleasing Both Parent and Child

Made over natural form lasts. Sizes 11 to 2. Regular \$3.50. \$2.65

An Embroidery Sale of Rare Importance!

1,000 Yards, Sold Regularly up to 60c, Saturday Sale Price, per Yard 19c.

17 INCH CORSET COVERING, 17 INCH FLOUNCING, 27 IN. FLOUNCING-This is the

final wind-up sale of our big shipment of mill-ends; they range in length from 4 to 10 yards.

There's a beautiful variety of designs to choose from. Many pieces in the lot sold regular-

ly at 60c a yard. A few even higher. Saturday Special, per yard ......

CHILDREN'S SHOES—Good quality kid, button or lace style Made on foot-form lasts, ensuring case to the feet; have patent toe soles and low heels. Sizes 8 to 10 14. Regular \$2.75 and \$3.00. Special . . \$2.25



### Saturday Basement Specials at Ramsey's !

\$11.80 Trunks, Saturday Special \$9.98

From our complete stock of Trunks we selected this spirousa-value for Saturday. This trunk is extra well made, canvas covered body, well protected with hardwood slats, brase dips and bumpers; reliable locks and two heavy cowhide straps. It measures 36 inches long, 23 inches deep, and 19 inches wide. The interior is fitted with one large tray.

Cups and Saucers

white, per dozen ...\$1.80 Blue Band, per dozen ...\$3.50 Popular Clover Leaf. Special. 6 for ...... \$1.00

#### Ball Bearing Washer, Special \$15.00

The recoil springs and ball bearings make this Washer the easiest of all to operate. Large express wood tub on strong hardwood square stand; adjustable wringer and tub stands. The patent floating board action is very easy on your clothes and washes thoroughly. 10 washers. \$15.00

Copper Bottom Boilers \$3.89

Highest grade Boilers, heavy copper bottoms, rigid bodies and strong well fitting lids. Regular \$4.00 and \$4.50. \$3.89

Dinnerset Special at \$17.75

### Americans Take Swift Revenge

German soldiers there they suffered death.

r six men have died from the the German gas shells. More

#### We Are Perfectly Satisfied With the Result of Our Feb. Sale!

We will continue to give the very best values in Furniture. New Goods are arriving daily, and prices will be held down to a minimum

Buy Your Furniture Here, Where You Can Have the Advantage of a Large Stock to Select From.

**Blowey-Henry Company** 

#### IS MENACE TO On Hun Batteries for Gas Shells CIVIL PEACE OF UNITED STATES

tional German-American ance Charged With Dis-loyal Activities

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### MILLIONS DIE

## TO PROSECUTE

Court Martial for Socialist Probes

## MORE CANADIANS ARE MENTIONED IN DISPATCE



# The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1918



gravity. "Haven't we, though?" she assented simply. . .

Why, no, it won't break his heart, Mr Fox. I think he'll even be a little re lieved to be able to go on serenely with the Peppers and the Rogerses. He's having lovely times there!" • • • ing lovely times there!"

Oh, if his mother had lived, of course I should have written to her: but I knew you were a very busy man, Mr. Fox Tony hardly ever speaks of his Aunt Fanny. She's a great club woman, I know. So I had to do the best I could." • • • "Why, I didn't think much about it, I

But I certainly should have said that Tony's father was more than

"Ye-ex. I suppose it might. But-but what a funny subject for us to get on! suppose look at that white hen coming in, Mr. Fox! She's my prize winner. Isn't she a beauty?" • • •

Yes, indeed, he's all of that, dear old Tony! And then, as I say, he reminded me of-of that other, you know, years I was only 19, hardly more than a child, but the memory is very sweet, and it made me want to be a good friend to Sony" . . .

There's the 6 o'clock bell, and you're all but free! Now I'll let you out by this door, on the street side, and you can find your hotel! Then, when you call this ening, we needn't say anything of this. It hasn't been such a long afternoon, has

Just after dinner, as Miss Mix and her youthful fiance were sitting on the porch in the spring twilight, a visitor entered the garden from the street. At sight of him the boy sprang to his feet with a cry "Dad!"

Miss Mix was introduced, and, to young Tony's delight, she and his father chatted as comfortably as old friends fresently, when Jerry Billings appeared ith an invitation for the lady to accompany him to the postoffice for possible mail, father and son were left alone toa ether

Young Anthony beamed at his father's graise of his choice, but his comments seemed to come more easily on other matters. He told his father of the Rogers boys, of the Pepper girls, and of tennis and theatricals, and spoke hopefully of a possible camping trip with these friends

When did you think of announcing

your engagement, Bud?"
The boy shifted in his chair and laughed uneasily.

'Sally doesn't want to," he temporized. anding shyly, after a minute's silence,

"and I didn't think you'd be in any hurry,

"But look here, son, you wrote that you planned being married in June!"

There was a pause. Then the boy said: "I did think so, but now I don't see how we can. Saily sees that, too. I can't get married until I have a good job, and I've got another year here. 'We don't want to tell every one and then have to wait two or three years, do we, sir?"
"H-m!" said his father. "And yet you

don't want to ask me to support you and your wife for indefinite years, Bud?

d squeezed his father's hand "I'll never ask you to do that!" he promised promptly.

WEEK drifted pleasantly over the A week drifted preasure.

A college town, and still no step had carried been taken in the matter that had carried Anthony Fox over so many weary mile of country. If business matters in the eastern city gave him any concern, he gave no sign of it to young Anthony or Sally, seeming entirely content with the assing moment.

The three were constantly together, reept when the boy was in the class room. During these Intervals Miss Mix plioted her friend's father over lovely Palo Alto; they visited museum and library together, took drives and walks One long evening was spent at the Peppers', where young Anthony was the center of a buzzing and hilarious group, and where Sally, with her black evening gown and her violin, presented an entirely new

On the evening of a certain glorious day, to young Anthony, sitting in silence on the porch steps, came Sally, who seated herself beside him.

"Tony," said she firmly, "what have we decided about our engagement?"

Young Anthony eyed her expectantly, almost nervously, but he did not speak

either announce it or not announce it. Tony!"

"Why, you see, Sally," said Anthony after a pause, "I wanted to, a while back,

"I know you did," she said heartily to his great relief.

"But now," he pursued slowly, would look pretty funny to the Rogerses, and the Peppers, and all, you know. Just now, I mean. I've been up there all the time, right in things, and I've never said

"Well, well!" said a voice behind them; and to the unspeakable confusion of both, Jerry Billings rose from a porch chair and came down to th

"I couldn't heip hearing," explained that gentleman joyously. "I was there I wish you joy, children. Miss first. Sally, here's my best wishes! I never dreamed you two-and yet I knew something had brought father all the way from New York. But I never dreamed of this! This ought to land me the Star j all right! Hasn't that occurred to either of you? Why, nobody has turned in anything to touch it!" He looked at his "I had better be getting down watch. there, too," he said excitedly. "Tomor row's the 1st of May, by George! and the paper goes to press at 11. And there I've been sitting, cursing my luck for an hour! Here goes!

"Look here, Jerry," began Sally and Anthony together; "look here

"You mean you don't want it announced?" said Mr. Billings blankly. A pained look clouded the radiance of his "Isn't it true?"

"We don't wish it announced yet," said Sally feebly, as Anthony was silent.
"I call that pretty mean!" ejaculated

Mr. Billings after a pause. "It's true," he went on aggrievedly. "I landed itevery old woman in town will be on to it in a few weeks-it's a corking job for me every one's wondering what Mr. Fox is doing here—and now you two hang back, just because you've not had time to tell your friends! Aw, be sports," he said ingratiatingly. "Please, Miss Sally! I'd do as much for you two. You know I may not be able to make it at all next year if I can have it, can't I? I haven't a job! get it, don't I, Tony? What do you two care-you've got what you want-

"Oh, take your scoop!" half groaned young Anthony Fox.

Sally began to laugh, but it was curiously shaken laughter. Mr. Billings wiseseized this moment for a rapid departure. Mr. Fox. coming to the door a mo ment later, found the others silent on the steps.

ps.
"Now we are in for it!" said Sally ruefully, as they made room for him between "What shall we do? Jerry's go for the Star-we couldn't lie about it! And oh, we can't have it in print tom row! Can you-can't you stop it?

"Too late now!" said young Anthony, with a bad attempt at unconcerr

Tell me what happened," said his fa-

The recent developments were rapidly eviewed, and then Sally, removing herself and her wide-spreading ruffles to young Anthony's side of the steps, so that she might from time to time give his hand an affectionate and enlightening

eze, confessed the deception of her engagement to him, and, with her blue eyes very close to his, asked him meekly to forgive her.

Young Anthony's forgiveness was a compound of boyish hurt and undis-guised relief. It is probable that at no oment of their friendship had seemed more dear to him.

"But-there's Jerry!" said Sally suddenly, smitten with unpleasant recollection in the midst of this harmonious readjustment. "He-he heard, you know, And we can't deny that, and it means so much to him! He'll have told Watts by this time, and Watts will run it anyway newspaper editors are such beasts about those things!"

And again she and young Anthony drooped, and clung to each other's hands

"I have been thinking," said the other Anthony slowly, "that I see a way out of I hope I see one! I'd like-I'd like to discuss it with Miss Sally. If you'll just step down to the-the chicken yard, Bud, for five minutes, say. We'll call you. And it's just possible that we can can arrange matters."

+ + +

HALF an hour later Jerry Billings, who was reveling in the overheated atmosphere of the newspaper's localroom, approached the city editor's desk

"Say, about that engagement of young Fox, Mr. Watts," he began, grinning.

"Well, what's the matter with it?" said the editor sharply.

"Nothing's the matter with it," said Jerry, "only it's better than I thought! It's-it's old Fox that Miss Mix is going to marry! Old A. F. himself!"

"Who said so," snapped the other, auddenly alert.

"Fox?"

"Yes, sir: He just telephoned. Gave me the whole thing. Said to get straight."

The editor eyed him fixedly, with no change of expression

This is no jolly, Billings? It's Associated Press stuff if it's true, you know."

'Oh, it's true enough," said Jerry, trying not to leap into space

Well, we've got his picture-lock it up!" said Mr. Watts calmly; but before Jerry turned away that infatuated reorter heard his superior take his telephone to call the make-up man.

"Hello, Frank!" said Watts gently. "Tell Williams to run that suffragette stuff on the third page. I've got a big story. I want a double cut and a column

#### "CAMOUFLAGE" ORIGIN OF

HE war has already enriched the English language with many new words, among which the French new arrival on our literary shores has not yet become entirely acclimated, but shows even today promise of popularity and incorporation in our dictionaries. The word has not yet come into general use, but the newspapers have been playing it from both ends to the middle There is no exact English equivalent for it, which really is not needed, for one can take the French word bodily and Anglicire it as much as he pleases. The main thing is to get a clear understanding of its origin and meaning, and this will be our present task

"Camouflage" is not in good standing in French polite society, not so much parhaps, on account of its plebeian origin but rather from the fact that it is decidedly slangy and had no piace in French dictionaries. It is probable that general use in the war will give it sufficient respectability to permit it to be clated with other words recognized in French lexicons, but this is not important on this side of the water. There fore, look the word over and see what it

to onfer to understand the inner mean-

ing of a word one must get at the root of by cutting off all useless appendages and ornamentations. If you eliminate the head and tail of "camouflage," or, as the grammarians pretentiously call them, the prefix and suffix, which in this case are "ca" and age" respectively, we have "moufi" left. This is so ridiculously near the English word "muffle" that you will naturally wonder over your stupidity in having allowed the similarity to escape your notice. But having once rec ognized the kinship of "mouff" to our own "muffle," and knowing fell well what muffle means, you can proudly say that you have arrived at the threshold of a fuller comprehension of its meaning. The writer doubts if we would ever have had the pleasure of an acquaintance with the word but for the war. It was really a mean trick on the part of the word, while were looking for German plots and British victories, with our attention entirely diverted in another direction, to sneak over here on the quiet and impudently take its place in our most exclusive society of descendants from the Sax-

In fact, the word is an impostor and was an impostor from the day of its Not satisfied with trying to hide its German parentage by changing the simple German "mut" to "monfle," it boldly bedecked itself with a French suffix and a Latin prefix, and in this "fix" gets recognition in France. In other words, camouflage is itself a camouflage -that is, a pretense, an imposture.

Let us now consider the prefix, suffix and root of the word in detail. The prefix "ca" is used in the place of "con," because ca-mouflage is easier to say than con-mouflage, just as we say collection instead of con-lection.

+ + +
The French suffix "age" corresponds to our "age." It implies a collection of things, as an English prefix, but in French it has the sense of "a kind of." The word then would have the significance of "a kind of muffling up."

The French "mouffle," meaning a mitten, comes from the German word "muff," which was even in use among the Teutonic Franks when they invaded Gaul, the present France. It was no fault of word that it was transmogrified into moufie and camouflage. The people of those days were rather reckless about their spelling and a few letters more or less in a word did not make any difference to them. In other words, they spelled exclusively "by ear," and each man by his particular auditory impres-

The original root "muff," as well as

the words derived from it, convey the sense of "covering up," or "protecting. But a muff is a protection against the cold, while a camouflage is a protection against discovery, hence a deception

Now that this fascinating word has been thoroughly analyzed, it will probably have a better standing in America and the hope may be entertained that, since the light of certainty has penetrated our beforgedness regarding it, the penwill use it freely without gloves. The word is capable of being used in so many ways, both proper and improper, pertinent and importinent, that there should be a large field for its usefulness. One may even expect to hear in the near future of political camouflage.

#### If It Had Been XX?

ONCE entered a London shop," said a collector of antiques, "in search of curios. The salesman eventually directed my attention to a very dilapidated chair. "That there chair," he informed me, 'was once the property of Louis Cross-eye.

" 'Louis Cross-eyel' I exclaimed. 'Why,

man, I never heard of such a person."
"Well, there was one, sir," said the salesman, and he pulled out a ticket marked 'Louis XL' "

## IN THE BROWNSTONE FRONT



N THE milence—the stiffingly oppressive mience of a stricken house in a little frequented city cross-street—George Hackley lay dead in blood on his own hearth rug; and a spare,

fron-thewed, worn-faced man knet beside him, with eyes which strangely glinted.

Outside, the mow, which had atepped falling half an hour before, was recommending with a few swirling flakes between the brownstone packing cases which lined the street. They were blankeyed, close-mouth, i, with their tightly shut windows and front doors. Like other packing cases, their appearance told nothing of what was within. Their contents might be happiness or misery, affluence or the poverty which area prosperity, birth, marriage, life or—as heremurder. But they did not tell.

In the west window of the bay that looked out upon the entrance steps the canary hopped about. The sharp knocking of its claws against the wooden perch broke startlingly upon the silence. Suddenly its feathers fluffed; its head lifted; its throat and little body throbbed with mad joy in life, and it began to sing.

The sound seemed to arouse the man who knelt. He rose slowly and heavily. He crossed with an unsteady step to the west window. He stared, white cheeked, with tightly pressed lips and eyes that waw nothing. A thin stream of cold air from between the window sashes struck against his face. He did not note the contrast of its damp freshness with the sickening, strangely human odor that filled the room. He was impassioned, trembling with recollections of a friendship of forty years. His hands clenched tighter, and he bit hard upon his lip, stifing the crowding memories which in-creased his grief. Then be stepped quickly to the folding doors which separated this from the room behind, and shot the catch. He recross door, into the hall, and feit that the key was on the luxide. The glint had grown deeper, colder, in his eyes as he turned back once more to the man upon the rug.

T lEY had come, thirty years before, from the came silent, shady street of the came mentions village, to try together their fortines among men. These thirty years of struggle, of strained and exacting effort, had spelled success for both. During that time their friendship never once had been broken. It had sustained and strengthened both. It had been, for the first ten years at least, the one relief and solace for them, in their fight against circumstances.

There were hours when Dr. Renfew had regretted keenly the hardships and flerceness of this struggle. It had hardened and marrowed both of them. He knew that he was looked upon as an unsert of hitter resentfulness, when called, as had happened more than once when giving evidence in court, a machine without human passions. Now, as he stood where Hackley lay murdered, choking down the storm of unwonted feelings that assailed him and thirsting for vengeance, he no longer regretted one hardship of those thirty years. He felt a flercely exultant astisfaction in their every hour of effort, in their every privation, which had made him most fit of all men to bring the murderer to justice.

Dr. Renfew, at 20, had been a stenographer in the department of police, while he studied medicine at night. At 25 he had been an ambulance surgeon. At 26 he had been coroner's physician. He was familiar with every circumstance of such contrates as this. He had seen many such contrated alless holies. At 50 now en-

By William MacHarg

CO-AUTHOR OF "LUTHER TRANT," "BLIND MAN'S EYES," ETC.

[Hustrated by Henry Thirds

A criminologist, the old doctor knew the boy was innocent, yet circumstantial evidence was strong. How he selved the problem

gaged in private medical practice, he was one of the greatest living authorities on medical jurisprudence. His latest book, "Is It Murder?"—with its coldly intellectual, keenly scientific analysis of the physical and medical oridence in a thousand cases of violent death which he had personally observed—was already a textbook in the hands of lawyers and physicians; his word, pertaining to such evidence, and on the nature of wounds, had more weight with juries than that of any other American.

N HIS passage about the disordered room Dr. Renfew, in spite of his agitation, had disturbed nothing. He had not dislodged, in locking the folding doors, the armchair overturned against them. He had not stepped in blood when he crossed between the body and the fire-place. He had not fluttered from its position one of the scattered papers on the floor, dragged from the writing table by the dead man as he fell, which now lay with edges tipped with blood around and under him.

In any case he would have exercised this adroit care, which physically was almost automatic.

It was part of his professional morality. He had preached by word and example the painstaking preservation of all such material circumstances which might lead to the detection of a criminal, until they had been examined and noted in the presence of witnesses. He feit keenly, in this, his responsibility to the public and to himself. Morally, it was as impossible for him to alter heedlessly one of them as it is for the honest bookkeeper to pass a false baiance, or the engineer to authorize a bridge whose factor of safety he knows is below the danger point.

But now he was exercising more than his usual care. He wanted, before he summoned the police, before others entered to read all that these silent witnesses had to tell of the identity of the murderer. He commanded himself, and turned, methodically, almost coldly, to his examination of the room.

It was a large study—it had not the shelves for a library. On the side toward the hall a huge pier-giass extended from the ceiling to the floor. On the opposite side was the empty, clean-swept grate. The huge mahogany writing table which stood between them had lost a caster and was held up at that corner by a book. The chair standing pushed back before it was a kitchen chair. Dr. Renfew's eyes passed by these objects. Their odd mingling of the magnificent and sordid was a familiar to him as the similar incongruity in his dead friend's face.

He had excused Hackley's penuriousness, his covetousness. He forgave now, as he had forgiven many times before, the small, thin-lipped mouth, lined deep with that ignoble passion, for the sake of the forehead broad as his own; it was like the forehead of Justice in a statue. He knew that Hackley had never subjected his family, his employes, to privation he was not ready himself to undergo. He had not asked of Hackley to understand that they might find such privations unendurable, lacking the childhood of iniserable poverty which made his own endurance of them possible.

The body lay on the opposite side of the room from the tall mirror, almost in the grate. It seemed strangely like refuse hurled saids. Its head and shoulders rested on the bearskin rur. There was no

blood around the rug. The long hairs of the bearskin had caught and held it all. The scattered papers under the body, the position of the limbs, negatived at once the swift inquiry this fact aroused. Rug and body had not been moved to this position from somewhere else; Hackley lay as he had fallen.

Dr. Renfew observed the position of the body, attentively, thoughtfully. His swift eyes shifted to the chair which stood, not in front of the deek but pushed back. He dropped upon his knees, feeling with sensitive fingers in the dark recess under the deak. When his finger tips touched, without disturbing, a bunch of keys, he nodded comprehension.

He crawled about on hands and knees, examining, without touching, the papers on the floor. They were household bills and receipts—insignificant. The papers that still remained in tumbled confusion on the desk were the same. He stood erect, staring keenly at the overturned armchair which, distant from the desk and grate and nearer to the entrance from the hall, leaned against the folding doors.

Finally he turned to his examination of the body. He inspected, without touching, the hair, the feet, the bottoms of the trousers, the clothing. The cut upon the neck was shallow at the forward end, deep at the back. It had bared slightly the corner of the jaw; it ended in a deep hele over the artery it had severed.

Dr. Renfew straightened, looking for the weapon.

He knew too well the exact similarity between wounds made by a knife and those caused by the swinging blow of a heavy object with a right-angled edge to look only for one kind. Yet he sought first the paper cutter that belonged upon the deak. It lay there undisturbed; and his gaze shifted spontaneously to the corner by the grate. He bent over the object in the corner—a har of iron, square, heavy, pointed at one end and at the other fitted with a brass handle.

He stood like a man of stone, sensing these facts with quick apperception, ready inference. His face had set; his eyes had grown hard, cold, vengeful, implicable. He crossed to the window that looked out upon the entrance steps. The snow was thickly falling now, erasing the footprints he had made at his entrance crasing, too, those other footprints where some one had gone down the steps, since the snow had ceased to fall before, had turned upon the bottom one and re-entered the house.

Dr. Renfew drew the shade, to hide from prying eyes the contents of the room, and the canary stopped its singing. In the added silence the sound of a woman's hysterical sobbing became andible in some room on the floor above.

NCE: more, with noiseless, practiced step, he threaded his way among the scattered objects in the room and opened the door into the hall. He had understood all, observed all—keenly, as he observed now how the drawing of the window shade, shutting off the flood of western sunlight of inte afternoon, had made strangely deceptive all judgment of the time that had elapsed since Hackley's death. It had thrown the body into shadow, concealing the distortion of the limbs, and leaving visible only the face, with its crown of virile, wiry gray hair. It had darkened still more the stains upon the

bearskin rug, as it had darkened the miraror on the opposite wall, which only dimly reflected now the pattern of the little Oriental rug at its foot. In its present appearance this death might have occurred any time within the day; in the bright sunlight it had looked like what it was—a murder committed not half an hour before.

Dr. Renfew locked the hall door upon the outside, and with the key in his pocket, followed the sound of sobbing up the status.

It led him to a bedroom on the second floor, where Mrs. Hackley lay stretched in tears across the bed, her gray hair in disorder; and her daughter—very young to be a wife, though it was plain she was one—sat stiffly erect, with ashen face, and eyes which stared blindly. Dr. Remfow entered this room without salutation and apparently unnoticed. He laid his hand sternly upon the girl's shoulder. She shuddered and quickened into life at his touch.

"I will not tell!" she muttered suddenly and fiercely. "You—they—shall not get one word from me! It was his own fault—his own fault!"

The elder woman monned

"Oh, Mary! Your own father!"

The girl turned upon her with breathless fierceness. "I never had even a new dress I didn't have to scheme and lieyes, lie-for! I never could do anything like other girls! Would you tell in my place?. You know you would not! You know you will not even now!"

Dr. Renfew drew back from her swiftly, coldly. He turned the steady inquiry of his eyes speculatively upon the mother.

"Oh, Dr. Renfew, it would only make it worse-worse!"

"Mother!" the girl cried, warningly.

Mrs. Hackley hesitated, grew paler
than before, and let her head fail upon
her arms with a shuddering wail.

DR. RENFEW'S chin set more squarely at this confirmation of the deduction he had drawn in the room below,
that the murderer had come from within
the house. He had been told nothing in
the hurried summons that had called him
too late to save Hackley's life. He drew
swift, new inferences now from the attitude of the women in their grief. He
nodded introspectively his understanding
that in his vengeance for Hackley's death
there would be no aid given him and the
authorities.

"You understand," he said, almost with pity, to the girl, "It is for your sake, for the family's sake, I offer you the chance to make a statement to me on your husband's part before—"

He took out, and looked at, his watch, The girl stiffened at his mention of her husband. Her eyes shifted, with searching keenness, to the watch.

"Does that mean," she pointed, "that you have not yet notified the police?" "Not yet," Dr. Renfew admitted.

She sprang to close the door and put her back against it.

"Then you shall not!" she cried excitedly. "You must give him a chance! You must give him time!"

LT. Renfew watched her movement with no weakening of his purpose, yet compassionately. He had known her all her life, and, childless himself, she had served in some measure as a child of his own to him.

"I don't expect you to tell me anything you would not tell to anyone else," he urged, as to a willful child. "I only ask to give you, in fairness, a chance to make a statement. You need not tell me where your husband is, where he has gone—!"

Mrs. Hackley started erect.

"Gone? But he has not gone!" she cried. "He is here in this house—in their own room!"

Until now Dr. Renfew had believed that they three, and the dead man on the

hes still wet and suspicious little dimout her mouth. "Now I'll get you it immediately," she assured him ely; "and meanwhile I can't tell you w sorry I am that—just ait on this bex; will be more comfortable. I'll run and eclephone a plumber, or ac "But I don't DIWAY. know your name?"

"Appropriately enough, it's Fox," said the briefly; "Anthony Fox."

Miss Mix gasped, opened her mouth, shut it without speaking, and gasped

again. Then she sat down heavily on a

"Of New York-I see!" said she, but more as if speaking to herself than to him. "Tony's father; he's written to you, and you've come all the way from New York to break it off. mee ! " Desperation emed to seize her. "Oh, my heavenly day!" she ejaculated. "Why didn't I think of this? This serves me right, you know,' she said seriously, bringing her atten-tion to bear fully upon Anthony; "b let me tell you, Mr. Fox, that this is about the worst thing you could have done!

"The worst!" said Anthony dully.

He felt atterly stu--peffed.

"Absolutely," said she calmly. "You know you only hasten a thing like this by making an out-andout fight of it. That's no way to stop it!"

"Are you Miss Mix?" said Anthony feebly.

"I am." She nodded impatiently. "Sarah Mix."

"Then you and my son-Anthony pursued patiently. "Didn't he write? Aren't you-

"Engaged? Certainly we are," ad-mitted the lady with dignity. "And it would no more than serve you right if we got married, after all!" she added, with a sudden smile.

Anthony liked the mile. He smiled broadly in return.

you got married! Do you mean you don't intend

"I see I'll have to tell you," said Miss idenly casting hesitation to the "Then we can talk. Yes, we're winds. engaged, Mr. Fox. What else could I do? Anthony's 20; one can't treat him quite as if he were 6. He's absolutely unable to take care of himself; and I've always -always! How could I see a girl like Mollie Temple-but of course don't know her. She's with the 'Giddy Middy' company, playing in San

"No, I don't know her," mid Mr. Fox stiffly.

"Well," continued Miss Mix, "her mother lives here in Palo Alto, and Mollie came home for September. Tony was just what she was looking for. A secret marriage, a sensational divorce, and allmony-Mollie asks nothing more of fate! She made him her slave."

"Lord!" said Antheny.

"Every one was talking about it," continued Miss Mix; "but I never dreamed

of interfering until Thanksgiving, when es ; in Mill Valley, and saked Tony to go. That would have settled it; so I managed to see Tony, and from that day on I may say I never let go of him. I took him anied him when he sang -just big-sistered him generally! I'm 32, ow, and I never draams -but he did. New Year's night, Mr. Fox. Well, then I either had to my no, and let him go again, or say yes, and hold him. So I said yes. I couldn't stop him from

wardly, "I don't really know how to thank "Oh, nonsense!" she said lightly. "You forget how fond I am of him! New I'll go up to the house and—" Her confi-

dent voice faltered, and Anthony was astenished to see a look of dismay cross her face. "Oh, my goodness gracious heaven-ly day!" she ajaculated softly. "Whatever shall we do now? Now we never can get you out!"

"Then I'll stay in," laughed Anthony ically.

and has a good chance. This, of course ald land iti'

"What would?"

"Why, this!" She was laughing ain. "Can't you see! Think of the headlines! Even your New York papers would give it half a column. Think of ce to get funny! 'O Trap.' 'Goes to Bed With the Chickensi' Iron King Plays Ch.

"Thunder!" mid Anthony un

ere'd be no end of it, for you or

me," said Miss Mir.

"I know this town." "Yes, you're right. I'm aure!" agree thony. 'The idea is for me to at here until after the 1st of May, sh?" he continued uncertainly.

Her eyes danced.

"Ob we may think of some other way!" "Tony's not to be

'No-o! I wouldn't dara : He's simply mad to have Jerry win. He'd let it out unterfly.

"The maid can go ber?" for a plus

"Statia? She's working for Joe Bates. And both the boys in the plumber's op are in college, SHYWSY."

"You might telephone for another plumber?" suggested Anthony, after some thought.

"Yes, I could do brightened. "No, I can't, either," she laented. "Elsie White, the long distance operator, is working for Joe Bates, too," She meditated again for a space, then raised her head, listening. They're calling me!

With a gesture for silence, she sprang to the door. Outside, e one shouted:

"Miss Sally!"

'Hello, Tony!" at a siled hardily, in anawer. "Lunch, is it? No, don't come down! I'm just coming uni" With a warning

glance over her shouller for Anthony, she ed the door and THE PRINCE

long hour followed, the silence bro-

al low com from the chickens, and by voices and footsteps coming and going on the side of the chicken-house where the street lay. Anthony, his back against the rough wall, his hands in his pockets, had failen into a smiling reverie when Miss Mix suddenly returned. She carried a plate of lunchd two fil

"We are mis!" she reas red him "The boys think I am playing bridge, and I've locked the gate on the inside. Now, files on parade!

She tucked the Simy skirts of her white frock about her, sat down on a box, and began to grate away his bonds without an instant's delay. Her warm, smooth hands he found very charming to watch. Loose strands of hair reli across her flushed, smooth cheak. Anthony tacked his lunch with sudden gayety.

"How much we have to talk ah he said, observing contentedly that five minutes' filing made almost no m n his chains. She of dealy, but met his eyes with char



And then Sally removed herself to young Anthony's side of the steps, so that she might give his hand an affectionate squeeze.

planning, and I never dreamed he'd write you! Now, do you begin to see?"

"I see," said Anthony huskily.

He cleared his throat.

"Meanwhile," pursued Miss Mix. glowing delightedly in the sympathy of her listener, "I introduced him to the Rogerses and the Peppers, and lots of jolly people, who are doing him a world of He goes about—he's develop And now, just as I began to hope that the time had come when we could quietly break off our engagement, here you are, to make him feel in honor bound to stick to It!"

" Anthony left it unfinished. "What can I do?" he asked

"We'll find a plan somehow," said Miss Mix approvingly. "But you must be got out first!"

"And meanwhile," said Anthony awk-

Miss Mix echoed his laugh nervously. She gianced across the yard.

"It's that disgusting newspaper con

"That what?"

"Piease don't shout that way!" she begged, sitting down on her box again. "Til explain. You see, the editor of the best newspaper here, the Star, has offe ally fine position on the staff to the college man who brings in the best news-paper story between now and the lat of May-that's less than ten days. Of course, all the boys have gone crary over it. It's a job that a man could easily hold on with his regular class work, and it might lead to a permanent position. And then there's the experience. About ten boys are working furiously for it, and all their friends are working for them. Tony's belping Jerry Billings, and Jerry has already taken in a couple of good stories.

were alone in the house. The one servant, he knew, was—and had been e-out. His tall figure suddenly grow liense. He swept the girl aside, catching her two wrists in one powerful hand, her two wrists in one powerful hand, while he dragged the door open with the other. He went swiftly down the hall to the door at the end, pushed against it without knocking, closed it firmly behind him, and stood in the presence of the boy of 20 who was George Hackley's mur-

The room was a bedroom, with twin beds. Dr. Renfew, gathering its details with a single glance, noted the suitcase open on the floor, unpacked, surrounded by clothing hurriedly scattered. The boy sat in a low chair beside the suitcase— not packing. His hands hung limply ben his knees; his face was expre less, lifeless, as that of the dead man

DR. RENFEW, looking at him, felt his own flesh grow hot with anger. He strove to crowd down the frenzying memory of all that Hackley had been to him. It was not thus, he told himself, justice was administered. He wanted to exact ment for Hackley's death legally,

dispassionately.
"You've been with Mary?" The boy
for the first time seemed to recognize his

Dr. Renfew controlled himself and

"What did she say?" The boy's face was that of one expecting a death judgment.

"You'd better be thinking about yourself!" Dr. Renfew broke out.

He had meant his tone to be coldly dispassionate, but his own ears told him it was harsh and menacing. It added to his anger in a manner which he did not attempt to explain, that the boy seemed to be thinking of the man he had killed only as the death affected his own wife. In Dr. Renfew's own mind the fact of Hackley's death overrode every other

"But what did she say?" the boy insisted intently.

Dr. Renfew saw that he could not tell truly the girl's attitude without administering comfort.

cried in passion. "You struck down her father in cold blood!"

His fists clenched hard as he mar-shaled in his angry thought the evidences of the crime he had read so plainly in the room below.

"You had quarreled again, I suppose-perhaps in the study. You had left the study, at any rate. He had left the house. e only went to the bottom of the entrance steps. You heard him coming back. You heard him enter the study. Then murder entered your heart. You crept through the hall. The weapon was there at your hand—the heavy poker beside the hall fireplace. You entered the study softly. He did not see you. He was stooping at the writing table to unlock the battom description. the bottom drawer. You crept forward until only the width of the writing table separated you, for he straightened, al-though he had not yet got the drawer un-And, as he straightened, you struck him down struck him down man on whose bounty you had lived, a man thirty years older than yourself, an act without an extenuating circumstance. without palliation, a premeditated murder."

"Premeditated?" The boy, who had listened with a scowl as of physical pain, quickened into protest. But at once his head fell again, hopelessly.

"I don't know why I ever went to work for him!" he walled impotently. "I don't know why we ever came to live in his house! It was all his his damned parximony! I ought not to speak like that— he's dead! It happened all as you've just said—almost; although I don't know how you know it. I had bought Mary an opal ring-her engagement ring-a y She'd never had any ring except her wedding ring—never in her life. We'd save for it. He took it away from her an locked it in the drawer of his deak. He said no woman of his family ever had worn jewels, and none of them ever Of course we quarreled again. Then I came upstairs and I heard him go

The boy's hands, hanging limp between his knees, had taken up the trembling of his body and shook visibly. He did not look at Dr. Renfew. His face was filled with agony.

thought he must have left the door un-latched. And I went down into the half. And there was a man there—oh, God, there was a man there! He was in the study. He was stooping at the deak. I thought he must have seen through the window when he put the ring into the drawer. I guess I was excited by the quarrel. I guess I must have been crasy? I got the poker and went in. And when he looked up I struck him. I didn't recognise him!

Dr. Renfew glared in angry incredulity.

The boy repeated his words miserably.
"I didn't recognize him?"
The repetition wrung from Dr. Renfew

an exclamation of disbelief and amaze-

"Did not recognize him! A man you'd

"I'ld not recognize him! A man you'd seen overy day for two years—in a place you must have expected to see him—in broad daylight!"

"Oh, you believe him, Dr. Renfew! You do believe!" The door had opened and the girl stood panting in the door-

Her eyes sought swiftly and instinctively the unpacked suitcase. The boy

followed her look.

"I'm not going," he said simply. "I had fought that out before Dr. Renfew came in. If I'm arrested..." He breathed deep. "If I'm arrested, I'll any nothing—until I tell the truth in court." I'm going to give myself a fair chanca.

THE girl, shuddering with fresh anxi-oty, yet with a sort of relief, fled to him and threw her arms about him. She

lifted her face to Dr. Renfew.
"Then you must believe!" she said almost proudly.

Dr. Renfew stared in bewilderment.

She scrutinized his face.
"Oh, you don't understand!" she cried unhappily. "He didn't mean to do it! It was an accident—a mistake! Don't you see he's guiltless guiltless! Oh, father would have understood! He ... She halted, with that strange healtancy which those who believe in immortality feel in making its practical application. "He has understood!" she finished, with conviction. "Father has forgiven him!"

"It makes no difference what I is flove," he answered heavily. "No is ever will believe him." ctical thought was telling him

already how the prosecuting attorney would tear it all to pieces; how he would use it to incense and harden the jury against the criminal—this improbable story which, however, he himself believed. For he recognized with bewilof ed amazement that he did beli He was no longer hot with vindictive passion. He no longer thirsted, dry tongut for vengeance for Hackley's death. was chill with apprehension for the f He of these two young people, who crouched watching in agony the changes in his face, as though turning to him for help. For help! And the giff's words had startled in him an amazed que What, indeed, would Hackley have said to this-Hackley, who had been a just man, as far as he had understanding And he would have understood it what would have said in the present of this grim prospective tragedy, who was tightening like hands about Dr. Refered heart? Of a man guiltiess of the standard was the said to the said t

feeds heart? Of a man guiltiess of in-tended wrong, yet with only this filmsy story to prove his innocence? Dr. Renfew stood with face strangely lifted, as though he were listening to something the others could not hear. Yet he was not of such emotional nature as to believe be heard his dead friend's voice. He was a hard man-practi scientific, intellectual.

scientific, intellectual.

Presently he turned and went slowly down the stairs into the room with Hackley's body. It lay as he had left it, separated by the full width of the room from the latter of the room from arated by the full width of the room from the tall mirror, its head and shoulders al-most in the clean-invept grata. There was no help here. And he had not expected any, nor any change. For how could it change—now? Dr. Renfew knew, as he gazed down into its stony face, that, called in time, he would have hazarded all things, even his own life itself, to pre-serve Hackley's—or any other—life. Fire serve Hackley's-or any other-life



nt anddressed beyond her vision of him as perfect, saw in a fashing streak of li-lumination that he wished to avoid all natural responsibilitie tire appropriation of her time and her rhits; yet he gave her nothing of value in return. His love for her was a or little emotion, a dog-in-the-manger sort of thing!

This, then, was the truth, whether or not in his innermost self he realized it. She saw him as he was, yet still there glowed like a flery opal within her her love for him. Could nothing strangle its tenacity? No showing of feet of clay, of fundamental dishonesty! She despaired of herself.

Suddenly Atwood saw another ac-

quaintance at a table, a man alone.

"There's Harriman," he said. "Pardon me a moment, Lolla, while I have a word with him. He's a valuable man to keep in touch with."

down at her. Those terrible, acute understandings passing through her not having dislodged her love, a radii filled her eyes as she returned look. Some cell in his brain registered with a rare distinctness the wonder of the girl's adoration, lifted him up. wned him. Unconsciously he three back his shoulders, as moving off h aded his way between tables. A pride was on him.

Lella, left alone, watched him go. A terrible displacement had occurred in her knowledge of him, and yet, bitter, bitter cup, she still loved him sufficiently to go on in the place he had assigned her, which was no place at all for self-respect to flourish, or even content.

And then all suddenly she made h rayer. She put her hand over her aching eyes, pressing them shut. Into her

prayer she put all her consuming desire.
"Dear God," she whispered, "please take this love out of my heart. It is an unworthy thing now, because its faith is

And strangely, miraculously, prayer was answered. She took her hand away from her eyes and found the sting gone from them. She felt strangely empty, a shell devoid of feeling.

od, returning, a pleased smile on his face, mank down opposite her.

'ell, Harriman's a clover sort," he mid.

As she did not answer, he looked clos at her and felt a chill come over him. The white light in her eyes had burned

"What's the matter, Leila?" he asked quickly.

She smiled then very brilliantly at

e said indifferently, "but I really think I'd like to go home. I am a bit tired," she finished, suppressing a

He sat quite still, while fear gathered within him. Then experimenting he put out his fingers and touched hers, but they cained passive beneath his care

Dismayed, he cast about for light, but one came to him. He seemed to have sen moved from a pedestal, and the transition down was bewildering, painful,

Mercifully, perhaps, he was spared the knowledge that he had lost, in the twinkling of an eye, the greatest thing a man

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## MISS MIX, KIDNAPER

thony Fox Sr. in a tone of almost triumphant fury. He spread the loosely long letter on the

"Here I am, just out of a sick bed!" he pursued fretfully; "just home from a conth's idling abroad, and now I'll have to go away out to California to lick some

are into that young fool!"
"For heaven's make, Tony, don't get yourself all worked up!" said handsome, stately Mrs. Fox, much more concerned for father than for son. She sighed re-signedly as she folded a flattering request from her club for an address entitled, "Do We Forget Our Maids?" and gave him her full attention. "Read me the letter, dear," said she placidly.

an would get hold of him," said Anthony Sr., fumbling blindly for his mouth with a bit of toast, his eyes still on the letter; but, by George, this sounds like Charlie

"Woman!" repeated Mrs. Fox with a relieved laugh. "Buddy's in love, is he? Don't worry, Tony; it won't last! Of all boys in the world he's the least likely to be foolish that way!"

"Of all boys in the world he's the kind that is easiest taken in!" said his father dryly, securing the toast at last with a savage snap. "H-m-she's his landlady! Keeps fancy fowls and takes boarders ha! Says they rather hope to be married in June. This has quite a settled tone to it, for Buddy. I don't like the look of it!"

ense!" said Mrs. Fox with dawn ing uneasiness. "You don't mean to say he considers himself seriously engaged? At 20! And to his landlady, too-I never heard such nonsense! Buddy's in no position to marry. Who is the girl, anyway?"

"Girl is good!" said the reader bitter-'She's 32!"

Mrs. Fox her hand bovering over a finger bowl, grew rigid.

"Thirty-two!" she choked blankly, Then, sharply: "Anthony, do you think you can stop it?"

"I'll do what I can, believe me!" he ured her grimly. "Yes, sir, she's 32! By the way, Fanny, this letter's already a month oid. Why haven't I had it before?

"You told them to hold only the office mail while you were traveling, you know," Mrs. Fox reminded him. "That one evidently has been following you. Anthony, can Tony marry without your consent?

"No-o, but of course he's of age in five months, and if she's got her hooks deep enough into him, she oh, confound such aplication, anyway!"

"It looks to me as if she wanted his

money," said Mrs. Fox.
"H-m!" said his father, again deep in

## By Kathleen Norris

Ittratrated by Bess Bethell

There are many more remantic spots than a chicken yard, be Authory Sr. didn't mind that—or the steel trap on his foot, either

the letter. 'That's just occurred to you, has it? Poor old Buddy-poor old

"Oh, he'll surely get over it," said Mrs.

Fox uncertainty.
"He may, but you can bet she we Not before they're married, anyway. No, Bud's the sort that gets it hard, when be does get it!" his father said. 'There's a final tone about the whole thing that I don't like. Listen to this!" He quot from the letter with a rueful shake of the head. "I don't know what the darling girl sees in me, dad, but she has d down enough other fellows to know her own mind. At last I realize at Mrs. Browning's wonderful sonnets-

"He doesn't say that?" ejaculated the listener incredulously.

"She doesn't know I am writing you," Mr. Fox road on grimly, "becau I don't want her to worry about your objecting. But you won't object when you know her. She doesn't care anything ut money, and says she will stick by me if we have to begin on an \$30 job. You don't know how I love her, dad; it has changed my whole life. It's not just because she's beautiful, and all that. You will say that I am pretty young, but I know I can count on you for some sort of job to begin with, and things will work out all right."

'H-m!" said Mrs. Fox. "Yes, you're right, Tony. This is serious!"

"All worked out, you see," said the man gloomily as he drummed absently on the letter.

"Oh, Anthony, I can't help thinking of the Page boy, and that awful woman! Anthony, shall I go? Could I do any good . . .

NO," HE said thoughtfully. "No, I'll go myself. Don't worry, Fanny, there's still time. Isn't it a curious thing that it's a quiet little fellow like Bud thatwell, we'll see what can be done. I'll talk to this woman. She may think he has money of his own, you know. I'll buy her off if I can. Perhaps things can be delayed; perhaps I can get him to go somewhere with me for a trip. I'll see. Bar-ker can look me up a train and things here will have to wait. You'll see about ings, will you, Fanny-have 'em packed? Oh, and here's the letter-pretty

"Be gentle with him!" said Mrs. Fox, deep in the boy's letter. "Thirty-two! Why, she might be his mother—in some countries she might, anyway. Anthony!"

sick reading you'll find it!'

we wolce stapped him at the door—"is we name Sally Mix?"

"Apparently," he said. "Can you heat ty. Sounds like a drink!"

"Well," mid Mrs. Fox Bruly, as if the thed the matter. "It stopped, that's all! Sally Mix! I hope she's white!"

Just a week later, in California, Anthony Fox stammed the gate of Miss Mix's garden loudly behind him and eyed the Mix homestead with disapproval.

The house was square and white, with doors and windows open to apring sunlight and air, and was surrounded by a garden space of flowers and trees and trim brick walks. The click of the gate brought a maid to the doorway.

Mr. Fox won't be here until neen," said the maid in answer to his question.

"Does Miss could I see Miss Mix?" substituted Anthony after a moment's thought

He took a porch chair while she departed to find out.

"If you please," said the maid, suddenly reappearing, "Miss Mix is setting a outh, and will you step right down?"

"Setting a -- " scowled Antho "Plymouth," supplied the maid mildly.

Anthony eyed her suspiciously, but there was evidently nothing concealed behind her innocence of manner. Finally he followed the path she indicated a leading to Miss Mix. He followed it past the house, past clothes drying on li past scattered apple trees with whitehed trunks, and down a board walk to the chicken yard.

No one was in sight. Anthony rattled the gate tentatively. A slim, neat, black Minorca fowl made an insulting remark about him to another hen. Both chuckled.

"Come in-come in and shut it!" called clear voice from the interior of the chicken-house

Anthony's jaw stiffened.

"May I speak to you?" he called with as much dignity as a person shouting at an utter stranger across an unfamiliar yard may command.

"Certainly! Come right in!" called the voice briskly.

Seeing nothing else to do, Anthony unwillingly crossed the yard and stepped into the pleasant, whitewashed gloom of the chicken-house. Loose chaff was scattered on the floor and whitewashed boxes lined the walls. An adjoining shed held the roosts, which a few murmuring fowls were looping with heavy flights.

As he entered, a young woman in blue linen shut a gray hen into a box and

turned a pleasantly inquiring glance upon

d morning!" she said, smiling. "I we you would want to see the thing ner or later, so I asked Statia to show you right down here. Now, there's trap"—she indicated a mass of loose chains and metal tasth on the floor—"and

here's the key; but it simply won't work!"

Anthony was not following. He was ring at her. She was extremely protty; that he had expected. But he had not ex-pected that she she well, he was not prepared for this sort of a woman at all!

must go slow here. He she Bud "I beg your pardon," he interrupted self to stammer apologetically. didn't catch-you were saying-

The trap!" she mid smilling "Ah, the trap!" repeated Anthony in-

anely.

"Certainly!" she said, with a hint of impatience. Then, as he still stared, she added quickly: "You're the man from Petaluma? You came to fix it, didn't

"Not at all," said Anthony, smiling. "I came from New York."

. . .

IGHT dawned in the girl's eyes. She gave a horrified laugh.

"Well, how stupid of me!" she sjaculated. "Of course, I thought you were, I'm expecting a man to fix the trap, any day, and you sent no name. I bought this affair a week ago; there's a coon, or a fox, or something, that's been coming down from the hills after my pullets; but

"I don't knew anything about traps," said Anthony.

He was wondering how he had best introduce himself. The vague campaign that he had outlined on those restless nights in the train would be usele he had decided. As he spoke he absently touched the tangled chains and bolts with his foot

"Don't do that!" screamed Miss Mir. At the same second there was a victorious convulsion of metal teeth, and Anthony found himself frantically jerking at his foot, which was fast in the

"Oh, you're caught! You are caught!" cried the girl distressedly. "Oh, please don't hurt yourself tugging that wayyou can't do it!"

Her eyes, full of concern and sympa-thy, met his for a second; then, suddenly, she broke into laughter.

Why, confound the thing!" said Anthony in pained surprise, as he struggled and twisted. "How does it open?"

"It doesn't!" choked Miss Mix, her mirth quite beyond control, as she gave various futile little tugs and twitches at the trap. "That's the trouble! The key never has had the slightest effect. Oh, I will not laugh this way!" she upbraided herself sternly. "Bu-bu-but you did look so-" She abruptly turned her ick upon him for a moment, facing him again with perfect calm, although with

Suc, he saw in the body of his friend only an orney shell—a shell, one now, with the earth and its waters.

Life had great sanctity for Dr. Renfew; death had none. More truly than most who professed louder their belief in immortality, he lived in accordance with that belief. As he stared now again at the significant details of the room it was no longer of Hackley he was thinking, but of the mute witness that these bore against the boy upstairs.

Suddenly he brushed his hand across eyes with decision. He lowered the shades until the room was in darkness. He moved with skilled sureness, determination, a sort of exaltation. Yet when the canary dropped from its perch, with metallic rattle of its claws against the tin floor of its cage, he winced as a murderer would have winced. He closed the door into the hall and locked it on the inside. He switched on the electric lights. In this brilliant burst of artificial light the room started out in all its confusion and horror; every speck was visible, and the face of the dead man huddled at the grate was white and gleaming, as Dr. Renfew approached the desk and picked up the and heavy-bladed paper cutter which he himself had brought to Hack ley from the Mediterranean.

lice captain commanding the district. He walted with Dr. Renfew in the room across the hall, until the doctor rose to admit the coroner's deputy.

The deputy, a man of 35, shook hands with Dr. Renfew in a businesslike man-

ner. In the interval while they waited

for the police captain Dr. Renfew saw

him examining with attention as much

of the premises as he could see from his seat. Presently his eyes rested with respectful interest on Dr. Renfew himself.

"You look ill, doctor," he said. "You should take a rest."

Dr. Renfew changed his seat with uneasiness greater than mere annoyance. He sat by the window, nervously jerking the curtain cord, while he explained to the deputy his long friendship with the dead man. He was relieved when he heard finally the anow-stifled rumble of the police captain's buggy.

The police captain conversed aside with the patrolman, and read over the notes in the officer's notebook.

"You were here?" He looked at Dr.

"Called as the family physician," Dr. Renfew explained steadily. "Mr. Hackley was dead when I arrived."

He handed the key of the study to the captain, and followed with the deputy as the captain led the way across the hall. The captain pushed open the door of the darkened room, crossed carefully to the west window, and raised the shade. Dr. Renfew scanned his tace with painful intentness as he turned stolidly to take his first impression of the room.

Then the doctor's eyes shifted, apprehensively, to the deputy. The deputy stood silent and observant on the sill; and the fingers relaxed which had been cutting into Dr. Renfew's own flesh.

He drew back, that they might see he intended to leave them free to investigate and draw conclusions as they wished—without interference from him, without comment.

The deputy greeted this movement with a gratified look. He had not tried to hide from Dr. Renfew his satisfaction at having received this case. He was plainly eager to show his efficiency before the great authority on medical jurisprudence in this matter which had more than ordinary interest for the doctor.

He had spoken, while they waited in the other room, of Dr. Renfew's latest book, and, with particular admiration, of those parts of it which dealt with the first appearance of a scene of violent death. Now he drew the police captain's attention by an abrupt gesture away from the body, which lay directly in front

of the tall mirror on the side of the room farthest from the grate, to the room itself.

The first impression given by the room was its perfect orderliness. The police captain turned from where he stood beside the body and joined the deputy at the deak.

The clean white papers upon the desk were arranged exactly in neat piles on the flat top. The deputy noted that they were classified carefully—one pile of receipts, another of unpaid bills.

THE bunch of keys had been laid with care on top of the larger pile. The police captain nodded understanding, as the deputy pointed to the keys, and took them up and tried them on the desk. When he found one that fitted he opened the drawers, whose contents showed the same orderliness as the desk top.

The bottom drawer, however, was empty. He reclosed and locked them, and the deputy made written note of the position of the keys, the papers, and the kitchen chair.

This chair stood pushed close up to the desk, as a man pushes up his chair when his day's work is finished.

The deputy, lifting his eyes from his notebook, saw the police captain stooping beside the grate. The armchair had been drawn close to the grate and stood upon the little Oriental hearth rug. The grate itself was littered with a mass of burned papers.

The police captain tried to disengage the largest of these charred papers from the rest, but it turned to impalpable powder between his fingers. He rose and talked with the deputy in a low tone. They turned together to their examination of the body.

The body lay at the side of the room farthest from the grate, exactly in front of the tall pier glass on the wall. Its head and shoulders rested on the bearskin rug at the mirror's foot.

The police captain and the deputy knelt beside this rug, matted with blood, and examined the wound in the neck. They noted attentively the attitude in which the body lay, the position of the legs and arms.

The deputy crawled to look at the right hand. He straightened, observing

with deep absorption the position of this hand.

Buddenly he stooped and felt underneath the deak. He uttered an exclamation of triumph as he brought out from under the deak a short, thick-bladed knife.

Dr. Renfew was breathing quickly as the deputy held the knife toward him.

"It belongs upon the desk," the doctor explained. "I brought it to him myself last year when I visited the Mediterranean. It was not meant—but he used it for—a paper cutter!"

The deputy pointed out to the police captain a stain upon the heavy, inlaid blade. He laid the knife upon the desk and made note of it in his book. They walked to the other side of the room and talked together for a time inaudibly. Then, almost jubilant in his success, the deputy coroner turned to Dr. Renfew.

"You'd think," he commented, conversationally, as though his business were finished, "possessing all precedent circumstances, his intimates ought to have been able to forestall an event like this.

"An eccentric man, you say—and, perhaps, not happy in his family. Lonely growing old. Saturday afternoon, and his week's work finished. All his affairs in order. He arranges his papers, clears out this lower drawer, burns those papers which he does not want made public. Then——!"

Dr. Renfew felt himself pale as death. He was burning with recollections of thirty years of professional morality, professional ideals, which in the end had come to this—that he must, for others sake, shrink with the apprehensions of a criminal and triumph by deceit. But he met their eyes steadily.

"Then you make it——?" he demanded.
The deputy stared in surprise. He had

felt, in the presence of this great authority, like a schoolboy before the master. He was now suddenly impressed by the extent to which Dr. Renfew had aged and weakened through the death of his old friend.

"Clearly suicide, Dr. Renfew," he answered, almost with compassion. "No jury can ever doubt it. Why, you can even see where he cut his own thumb in using the knife!"

## In the Twinkling of an Eye



stood in the hotel lobby waiting for the girl he loved. She was late, an unprecedented occurrence for her. Pleasant little thrills stirred him in anticination of

Leila's arrival. He could almost hear her quick excuses for keeping him waiting, and he quite forgave her her delinquency, since he was an artist in sensations.

Girls passing looked at him with involuntary interest, perhaps because he was so well set up, so altogether in the picture. He was 30 quite, and he faced the world with expectancy in his keen blue eyes. As each woman passed him he looked her over quickly, comprehensively. Possessing a fastidious and cultivated taste, few entirely pleased him, and he fell to musing on Leila.

It was the sum total of her that most delighted him, her perfection for him. There was nothing about her he would have changed if he could. Once in his callow youth he had preferred the cold Grecian type; now he knew that Lella's piquant Rembrandt beauty completely satisfied him. Her little half-shy way of glancing up at him was adorable. was the king of her universe, and his whims and wishes were laws to her-up to a certain point, when, with exhilarated him by unexpectancy, she confus taking a firm stand, from which place no arguments of his could move her. A rare companion, not too cloyingly sweet, she

## By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by F. McAnelly

Blinded by ambition, he failed to heed the cry of a lonely heart and smothered the faith of a love that was his for the taking

had proved for four years. And tonight they were going to celebrate their first meeting.

He broke off his cogitations as he espled Leila. In a strange mood of aberration she was walking right by him on her way to the ladies' parlors, where they had designed to meet. Atwood stopped her and she looked up into his face with a smile.

"Oh, Gordon!" she cried; "Billy Maywood called me up at the last moment about a dance on Saturday night. I couldn't hurry him the least bit."

Atwood was about to make some comment, decided against it, and asked in-

"Shall we dine here?"

"I'd like to go to the Rose Garden," she said.

It was at the Rose Garden they had met, and her sense of the romantic, so inclusive of him, gratified him. They entered a taxicab and sat in silence.

Leila was thinking of the night she had met Gordon. She had been with a group of friends, Billy Maywood her chief attendant, when Gordon entered the restaurant. He had paused to speak with

Billy, and Billy had introduced him around the table. Leila had managed to get from Billy all he knew of Atwood. He was a rising young architect in the way of making money, because he went about things in the right way, so sagely said Billy, and finished with a leugh:

"If an Oxford accent would help him to success, Atwood would produce the accent."

It was a horrid thing for a friend to say, thought Leila with all the loyalty of 21, and from another less acrid source she had learned that Gordon Atwood had come to the city a stranger with letters from influential men of his home town, with the result that, having a likable personality and real talent, he had gone rapidly forward.

When they were seated at a table for two in the little, artistic restaurant, Gordon leaned back to regard Leile. He had not seen her for three nights, on one of which nights she had attended the theater with Billy Maywood.

She looked a bit tired, he thought, or was it that she was keyed up, nervous. He liked women with poise, but who still had the capacity for intensity. This was Leila's charm. Perhaps she was worried. Her position as secretary to the president of a large wall paper concern was a bit trying at times.

"Everything all right, Lella?" he asked, and she nodded affirmatively, then qualified by adding deliberately:

"Mother was a bit curious about my seeing you tonight." And she looked at him with definite meaning in her deep

"Rather wearing at times, her curiosity, eh?" he answered, and turned his attention to the menu card. "What are your tastes tonight, Leila?"

She told him, somewhat indifferently, and Atwood gave the order, sped the departing waiter on his way and came to a matter that had been in his mind all evening.

"Leila," he said, "I wish you wouldn't go out any more with Billy Maywood."

Lella brightened, leaned forward.

"Why not?" she asked expectantly "I don't care for the fellow!"

"But I do like Billy," she said, "and besides there are days when you can't

find time to see me; sometimes weeks."
"You know why. I'm working toward
a definite goal—twenty thousand a year."

Leila did not answer. Atwood went on:
"I want to ride on the top wave.
Nothing lower will satisfy me."

"Billy is content with lesser things," she said.

But her ulterior motive there was clearly revealed. Atwood regarded her with lenient fondness.

"Dear girl," he said, "it would never

cour to me to be fealous of Billy May-

"Perhane not," said Leila quietly.

"It is not jealousy that prompts me to ask you not to receive his attentions. It's a cense of the fitness of things Promise me you'll put him in his place. "I don't know what to do, Gordon,"

she answered haltingly.

There was some change going on in her. It discomfited him, this difference, and he went on quickly to a subject he knew would enthrall her.

"It was over there I first saw you, sitting at that little table near the wall," he said. "I looked at you and knew at once you were different."

She flushed beneath his ardent gaze His magnetism was getting her again, so she answered

quickly:

"Gordon, I've had an offer to go as secretary to the Keating wall paper manager."

"But they're a thousand miles away!" he exclaimed.

"I know, but it's a good offer, and I'd like the extra money."

"But you can't go eway from me. I won't have that, Lella."

Her eyes lit then, and her mouth wreathed itself into a smile, making her appealingly lovely.

I need you, too, Gordon," she said, "vet your ambitions throw me from sheer loneliness into Billy Maywood's arms."

Her frivolity annoyed him.

'A' man's work is rather important," he sald stiffiv.

"And a woman's merely a stop gap! I don't feel anything so logically as you do, Gordon, perhaps because there seems nothing definite ahead of me."

He looked meaningly at her before replying.

"But there is some thing very definite ahead of you, Leila

Now her heart sang. Four years of being together, dancing together, playing together, reading together; stolen kisses in moonlit gardens, and never before had he spoken so meaningly. She eat quite still, looking at him, thinking of the glory it would mean to bestow her all upon him, everything that love might ask of her-pain, sacrifice and faith.

The waiter came at this high moment. accomplished his duties and departed, Leila hoped, forever. She gazed at the plate before her, for Gordon's steady erutiny disturbed her.

us make our celebration happy, Leila." he begged. "You're under a strain of some sort. Forget everything only that we're together."

With more courage than it takes face some of the big dangers in life, Leila out her question:

How much do you care that we are together?" she asked.

"Leila," he said, "you are more to me than life itself. It means everything to me that we are here together.

There was that in his face now which stirred her to her depths. She could not doubt his love for her.

They were both in the clouds, and he, manlike, the first to descend to known territory. "Eat your dinner, Leila advised; "everything's going cold." "Eat your dinner, Leila," he

She took up her fork obediently, and now comfortably on terra firma, he went on.

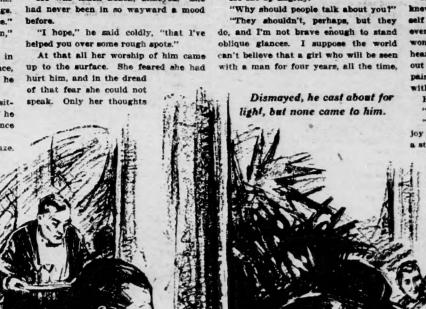
"The joy of our friendship is that it is in no way fettered, a beautiful, an exquisite thing. When I am dull, worn down by the grind of the day, I come to and you inspire me.

"And when I am fretted by life, and you are very busy working toward your

\$20,000 a year, what is there for me to do. f I must ait at home alone have the amusement of Billy Maywood's company?

He was taken aback, annoye had never been in so wayward a mood

"I hope," he said coldly, "that I've



"No, Gordon; listen. I'm not going

bout with you any more. That girl's at-

He sat up angrily.

were crystal clear. She knew her own needs. All the cry of the woman to find a haven in love.

You have given me more than I can

He recovered his good nature.

"Instead of taking another and harder position, Lella, I'm going to see that you get a rest," he said masterfully.

The young violinist of the Rose Garden orchestra played something very stirring. Leila pushed her coffee cup from her. Atwood lit a cigaret. Some newcomers, a girl and a man, pushed open the front door. The head walter, in his important manner, ushered them across the room, flooded with the aweet sounds of the violin. Nearing Atwood's table, they paused.

Atwood rose immediately.

You know Miss Burton?" he muttered conventionally

The man bowed cordially, the girl very distantly, though she and Leila had met often in this haphazard fashion. Leila felt the cut of the girl's superior manner and the undercurrent of suggestion.

+ + +

THEY'RE engaged, aren't they, Gordon?" she asked as the couple moved

"Yes: just announced." he answered. watching the tiny rings he achieved from his cigaret.

Lella leaned forward. She had gone very white. "Gordon," she asked in a tense voice, "did you notice how the girl treated me, indifferently, insolently?

He frowned. "You're fancying things, Leila. Let me take you home. You're not well tonight."

But she had reached some crisis of emotion.

practically cutting off all other friends, if no engagement is announced—that she is as she should be. A man doesn't get the blame that a girl does. I-I can't stand my position any longer. To be loved and not wanted-that's all."

"The world should mind its own business!" he snapped.

"I used to think that, too. But the world hates careful cowards. If a man and a woman are in love, the world believes they ought to take their chance together. Better poverty and hardship than evasion—or worse—the world says to the woman!"

As he did not answer, she went on quickly.

"Gordon, I haven't told you; I've spared you. But I'm being constantly humiliated by my friends. Even my mother taunts me with questions. Billy Maywood asked me the other night if the field were clear for him. And I don't know what to say. Oh, I know people have no real right to be curious, but it isn't the right or the wrong of their curlosity: it's the feeling they put into me, the awful feeling of not knowing where I really stand."

She had opened her heart to him. showed him the hurt places. Would he come to her healing now? The world let him alone. He could go his way. Men night think him either a scoundrel or a philanderer and still clasp his hand. Women smiled at him always. But no immunity was allowed the girl. So she shown him. What would he say to this break in the usual boundaries of her reserve?

He was bound to meet the issue; he sensed that. He closed his eyes a little as he carefully immersed the end of his

smoking eigaret in the gold-laced finger

titude toward me is the attitude of the world. People are talking about me!" "Sweetheart." he said at last, "can't you trust me?

It was cold, that question, and Leila knew it for an evasion, yet her truant self leaped with its desire to give him everything. Oh, love, with its beauty, its der and its terrible power to make a heart's desolation! She wanted to cry out for completion; to reveal to him the pain she suffered from halfway measures with life.

But she calmed herself to answer

You know I trust you, Gorden. Well then I've thought you could find for in our unspoken understanding. I'm

a struggler yet, and I've a horror of marrying and sacrificing. I see the result of haste all about me. I want to lay everything at your feet, but I want to be free till I have tried out my powers."

"I don't want everything, Gorcon!" ahe cried. "I should be the most gloriously happy weman just to love and help you."

She was offering him woman's jeweled gift, but he did not know that.

"I have ambitions, as I've told you," he began.

"But I could help you gain your ambitions, Gor-I've worked in the world long enough to know the fight a man has merely to keep his place in the sun. I should be your staff. My mother went to my father when he had nothing."

What was her father now? was on the tip of Atwood's tengue as he thought of the old law clerk still going his dreary round between courth and office, but he forebore. Leila for some ungodly reason had a quite incommensurate adoretion for her father. But that was Leila, laying her all at the feet of anyone she loved.

"I am different," he said with pride: "I should never bind a woman to grind. have my ideals, dear heart; do not make me forget them.

A dreadful thing, to make him let go his ideals! She was perplexed now by his reasoning. He was keener than she. She craved only the joy of being with him in any storm, and he laid his plans for living. She looked into his keen blue eyes, at the clever forehead, from which the hair grew smoothly away. Her longings came up out of her instincts, per-haps. He based his life on intelligence. Was she wrong, then? But the old pain tore at her and would not be stilled. Woman must add security to glamour; that's why she would always want marriage, though man's polygamous mind went searching for other ways.

. . . EILA'S eyes strayed for a moment to the girl who had so coolly nodded to her. She was across the room, sitting close to her adoring lover. Even from he distance Lelia could see her efforts to in constant sight.

Atwood's hand, stealing across the table, touching hers, recalled her. She feit the thrill of the contact and the pain of her own helplesaness. Must she always so respond. A sadness stole over her.

"We're in perfect accord, now you understand my motives, Leila?" he asked

She nodded perfunctorily.

"That's my own girl. I knew you would not let any selfish impulsive desire bar my way to success."

Selfish! To want their love ratified

selled only selfishness to him! The bite of outraged pride burned her. That her love, legalized, should be an obstacle in his path! Her perceptions, for the mic